60 CENTS
ICD

OCTOBER 7, 1969

ckley on Teddy Kennedy
–SEE PAGE 1026

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Remnant (Is 1:9) Lives and Is Headmaster at Hotchkiss

Positively the Last Word on the Peoples' Park at Berkeley
—JOHN COYNE—

Auberon Waugh Comes to America

Will Herberg's Death-Defying Act:
A DEFENSE OF HETEROSEXUALITY

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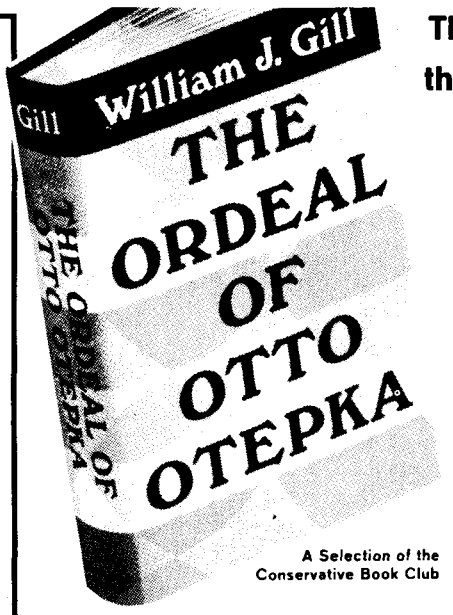
William Gill's Revelations About the State Dept. Are More Than History. Many of These Men Are Still There!

- Dean Rusk and Bobby Kennedy order Otepka to issue a top-secret clearance to a prominent security risk.
- Richard Nixon introduces a bill in 1951 that would have saved Otepka. But the bill dies in committee.
- Dean Acheson and Nelson Rockefeller clear the notorious John Stewart Service.
- The lengths to which John Kennedy went to placate Liberal fears that he was "soft on McCarthyism."
- Rusk's little-known role in the fall of China, and in keeping our hands tied in Korea.
- Distortions in Rusk's testimony over his relationship with the Communist-run IPR.
- The Rostow plan for surrendering U.S. sovereignty. Other JFK advisors who agreed.
- Dr. Jerome Weisner promises Soviet scientists to fight against any ABM system.
- State plays the numbers game to hide massive cuts in the security office.
- "Channels" defeat J. Edgar Hoover — and another nation falls to the Communists.
- Who was the mysterious Senor Montenegro? Why did the President stick his neck out for him?
- The gay Undersecretary of State who, against his deepest desires, unintentionally helps install Batista as Cuba's strongman.
- Rusk signs 152 security waivers in his first 14 months when only five had been issued in eight years under Eisenhower — and two of those five backfired.
- Can the *New York Times'* vendetta against Otto Otepka be explained solely in terms of its inveterate anti-anti-Communism? No, says Senator Strom Thurmond, since the name of "one of the principals in the Otepka case is printed at the top of the newspaper's masthead." That name — and its connection with the case — is revealed in this book.
- A rare pro-security decision from the Supreme Court subverted by a weird coterie of State and Justice Department lawyers.
- The prominent New Frontier official who asked Otepka: "What are the chances of getting Alger Hiss back into government?"
- Massive Soviet penetration of our intelligence agencies: the ominous evidence.
- Important defector from Poland is foiled in his attempt to contact the FBI — the one U.S. agency he knew was free of Soviet penetration.
- Three top American scientists, each with access to highly classified material, identified as KGB agents.
- Did the sack of Otepka lead, obliquely, to the assassination of President Kennedy?
- The strange twists and turns of Senator Thomas Dodd: were they partially explained when his unethical practices were brought to light?
- Evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was a member of KGB.
- High White House staffer learns of Pueblo seizure, keeps the President in the dark for hours. (This same man had been refused a security clearance by Otepka.)
- State employee first corroborates Otepka's statements, then changes his mind — after an "accident."
- The promise from Senators Goldwater, Thurmond and Dirksen that persuaded Otepka to take the SACB appointment.



A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

This man stood alone against the Establishment... and gave America a lesson in patriotism that puts his Democrat persecutors to shame

The Ordeal Of Otto Otepka

by William J. Gill

How could this happen in America?

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This book poses the equally urgent question: will the Nixon Administration heed this record and move to clean up the mess it inherited?

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- how America became enmeshed in a bloody land war in Viet Nam;
- why Washington allowed the Berlin Wall to go up;
- how Russia was allowed to overtake our lead in nuclear weapons;
- why Russia had no worries about moving into Czechoslovakia;
- why Cuban revolutionaries can move in and out of America with impunity;
- why Teddy Kennedy fought so bitterly against President Nixon's appointment of Otto Otepka to SACB.

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May we send you a copy of *The Ordeal of Otto Otepka* for risk-free inspection? If not pleased, simply return it to us in the two-way shipping carton, and you will receive a refund in full plus extra cash to reimburse you for return postage. Mail coupon with $8.00 to your bookseller or Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Big split in Left. *Guardian* urges its readers to boycott the **SDS Weatherman faction**'s march on Chicago October 8-11. The message is: the SDS isn't serious; "its purpose is to recruit cadres from the high schools rather than build a mass movement against the war." . . . *Militant*, organ of the **Socialist Workers' Party**, also very critical of new controlling faction at SDS (Mark Rudd & Co.), urges its people to stay clear of it. . . . SDS, meanwhile, in *New Left Notes* warns against dope: "Don't bring any dope into the centers. If you do you're playing a pig role on your sisters and brothers by inviting a bust. If anyone offers you dope, you should assume that they're a pig." . . . One SDS leader, **Bernadine Dohrn**, who did not take that good advice, is in double trouble with the law. When busted for carrying dope it was also discovered that Miss Dohrn, 27, was traveling on falsified airline youth travel cards good only through age twenty-one. . . . SDS, incidentally, has been declared "unfit to be recognized" as a student group by any public school in **California**. So spake the Regents.

■ New York political situation getting ever more complicated. Will **Hubert Humphrey**, titular head of the Democratic Party, come out for Democratic mayoral candidate **Mario Procaccino**, or will he sit it out? Best bet is that Hubert will move if **Averell Harriman** does, and Harriman may have to if he hopes to retain leverage in the party. . . . As it stands now, **Ted Sorensen** will definitely run for the Senate next year; his law partner **Arthur Goldberg** says he hasn't made up his mind whether to make that race as yet (if Goldberg endorses Procaccino it probably means he will run). . . . In forcing move, **William vanden Heuvel**, like Sorensen a Kennedy man, announced his interest in running against **Nelson Rockefeller** for governor—which is where Goldberg might have hopped if he decided not to make a fight of it against Sorensen. . . . Meanwhile, back on the Hill, prominent New York liberal **Howard Samuels**—one of the first big Democrats to switch to Lindsay—was busy in Washington trying to rustle up support for JVL among liberal Democrats. Two weeks later when the Democrats for Lindsay Committee was announced it did not include a single Democratic congressman.

Jon, *Daily Mail*, London Ben Roth Agency

"If so, it needs a transplant."

■ Confirmation: Soviet defector **Anatoly Kuznetsov** says any Soviet writer or artist allowed to travel abroad must have agreed to work for the secret police. It's true, says **Svetlana Alliluyeva** in a *Washington Post* interview. "[Those Soviet writers] who are allowed to travel and have some freedom must have collaborated." . . . Kuznetsov, incidentally, spent his first few days after defecting in a British safe house—which had once been the home of **Evelyn Waugh**. . . . Czech editor **Vaclav Sikl**, in England for the anniversary of the Battle of Britain, in which he fought as a young pilot, has elected to stay. . . . Back in Prague, famous film director **Alois Poledniak** has been removed as party regulars tighten the screws. . . . In retaliation, the name **Dubcek** appears on more and more walls, especially in Bohemia, as silent protest against new oppressions. . . . Though the USSR has dropped all visa requirements for Czechs wanting to visit Russia, the tourist flow remains close to nil. . . . Don't be surprised if purges against revisionists of the Dubcek kind are under way in other East European satellites. *London Observer* says a bunch of officials were purged in Hungary while **Janos Kadar** was conveniently out of the country.

■ Losing the faith: Ass't Attorney General **Will Wilson** has asked House Speaker **John McCormack** to turn over to Internal Revenue Rep. **Adam Clayton Powell**'s payroll and travel records—the records on the basis of which the House expelled Powell in 1967. Powell, you know, has gone to court in effort to get back pay he lost when barred from the House. . . . Word has been passed along to young dissident lawyers in the Justice Department that any further leaks to the press of anti-Administration material could mean dismissal. . . . *Associated Farmer* Magazine says U.S. Agriculture Department figures show that California migrant workers are paid the highest hourly wage ($1.80) in the nation. In contrast, in New York, which is highly critical of the California grape industry, the going wage is $1.39 an hour.

■ Asked about the prospects for quiet on campus this year, San Francisco State President **S. I. Hayakawa** said he thought there'd be no trouble at all in a) police academies, b) karate institutions and c) embalming schools.

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Hate at first sight.

AUGUSTE RODIN's
Head of Balzac,
reproduced in Foundry-Stone,
10¾" high on a specially
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RODIN's *Head of Balzac,* genius portraying genius, is an imposing portrait of France's greatest novelist. But genius often takes some getting used to.

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Lifetime membership just $10
—and no obligation to buy, ever

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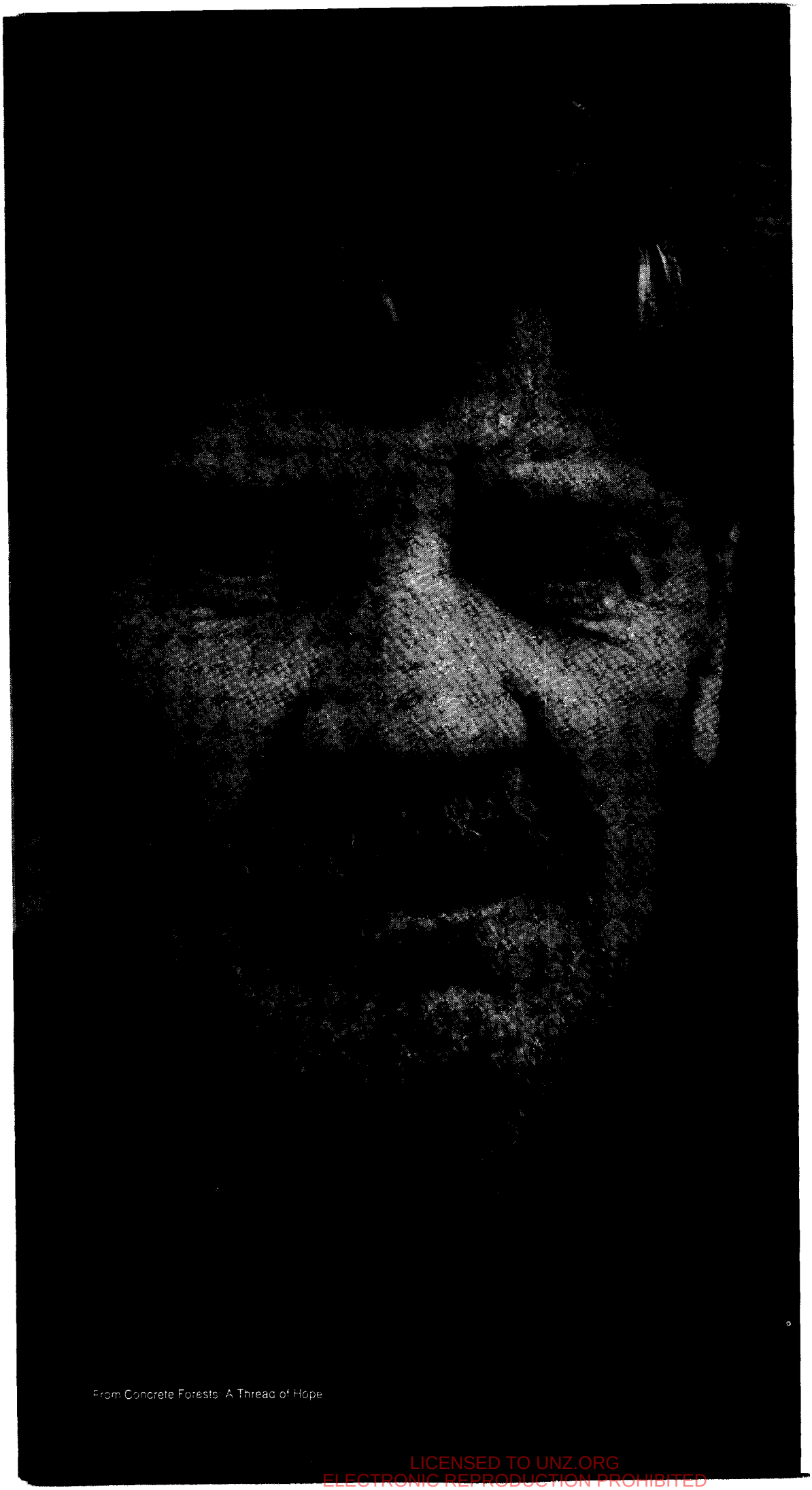

From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope

UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

Hidden, sometimes.
But never lost.
Beneath the surface.
Between the lines.
A day begins and its
history is told.
On paper.
Nature flexes her muscles.
Earthquake.
The maimed, the broken,
the dead.
Tragedy and disaster.
But with it,
something else.
Heroism.
Sacrifice.
Man's humanity to man.
Crime. Poverty.
And a life-saving
medical discovery.
Today's history, with
the glimmer of hope for
tomorrow.
The Thread of Hope.
We have something to do
with it.
We make
paper out of paper.
We wash out yesterday's
history.
Renew and preserve
the thread.
Rescue it from the
troubles and tragedies.
Wash out the ink.
Purge the old clays,
old resins, old binders.
Wash them away.
The thread, the fiber,
remain.
Clean.
Newly vital.
And made more manageable,
pure, more stable
through use.
Renewed.
Ready to be paper again.
The thread and the
fiber not lost.
Nor wasted.
But ready again to bear
the words, to reaffirm,
strengthen and bring a
brighter light to the
glimmer of hope.
Bergstrom Papers,
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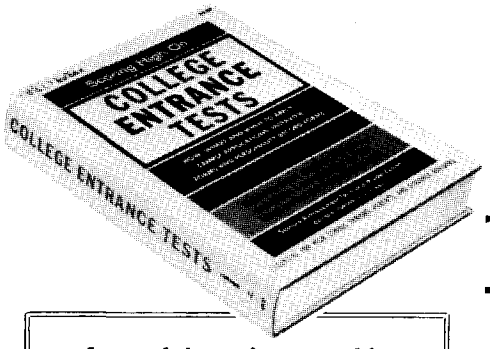

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- **How a pair of scissors may add important points to your final test score.**
- **How to answer *multiple choice* questions.**
- **How to avoid careless mistakes in *matching questions*.**
- **How to out-fox the examiner in the *True-False* section.**
- **The 200 most-frequently-used college entrance tests including College Boards, General Educational Development Tests, The American Council on Education Psychological Examination and Engineering and Physical Science Aptitude Test, etc.**
- **Test dates, application deadlines and types of tests given by colleges all over the country. How to quickly get this information on any college not listed.**
- **The *right* way to fill out a college application.**
- **How to pick your "first choice" colleges.**

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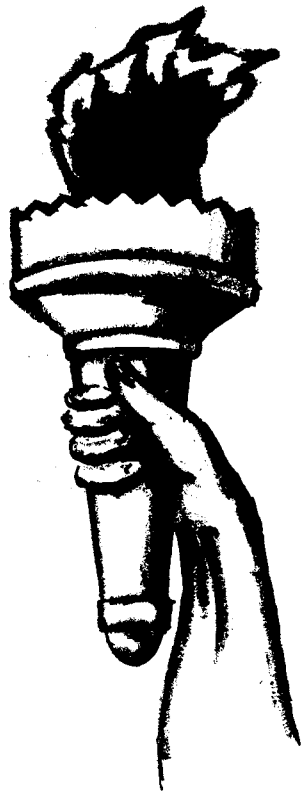

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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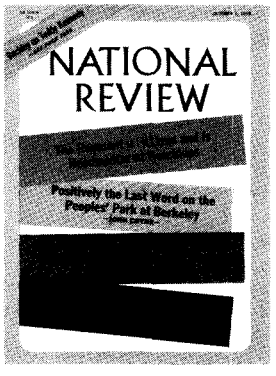
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Auberon Waugh**, author of *Consider the Lilies*, according to many critics the funniest novel in English since the early works of his father Evelyn, pays his first visit to America and finds it delightful. Even, believe it or not, the taxis and the commuter trains. This is the first of several *NR* pieces by Mr. Waugh. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** revisits Berkeley, the Yenan of the New Left movement, in an attempt to get to the bottom of the People's Park controversy. What he finds there does not make him merry. . . . **Will Herberg**, the distinguished sociologist, theologian and philosopher, takes on the creepy notion that homosexuality is just like heterosexuality, only different. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** reports that the issues involved in the Irish flareup are not primarily religious. The disturbances, says Lejeune, spring from the same revolutionary sources that gave us Columbia and the Paris riots. . . . **William A. Rusher** turns a hard eye on the recent rites at Woodstock and does not like what he sees there, or what *NR* published by associate Phil Ardery. Or hears.



■ **James Burnham** believes the continuing crisis in the Mideast may develop into another Vietnam. . . . President Nixon's welfare proposals appall **Frank Meyer**, who sees more than one implication in the recent punditic comparisons of Nixon to Disraeli. . . . The anachronistic accrediting agencies that arbitrarily pronounce on the fitness of colleges to exist have been legally discredited, according to **Russel Kirk**. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** visits Jordanville, New York, and discovers there an authentic fragment of Russian Orthodox culture. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** gingerly mediates a dispute between two lovely ladies whose argument over such delicacies as squid or jerky enlivens our Letters section.

■ **Guy Davenport** believes that the seventeen novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett will be remembered long after the sludge of the currently celebrated scribblers has drained off. . . . **William Schneider Jr.** of the Hudson Institute reviews *No Exit from Vietnam* by Sir Robert Thompson, architect of the British victory in Malaya over a Vietcong-type enemy. Thompson's overview of our strategy is hard and uncompromising. . . . **Anthony Dolan**, troubadour of the New Right, enjoys a New Left best-seller which, despite a glaring absence of hard thought by its engaging author, contains a message for conservatives. . . . **Thomas H. Jukes**, Professor of Medical Physics at the University of California, analyzes a study of the influence of Lysenko on Soviet biology. Lysenko, the scientific equivalent of Rasputin, was the sort of quack who could thrive only in a totalitarian state, says Jukes.

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LETTERS

Crossfire and . . .

I was more than happy to see the article by Max Geltman ["Don't Profane the Holy City," *NR*, Sept. 9]. I hope that this article is going to be your attitude in the future, as a pro-Israel stance is what is expected from a conservative. A conservative always supports those who are friends of the U.S. (or enemies of the USSR), capitalists and a country that indulges in the right of personal freedom for all.

If the United States would be less concerned with chastising all her friends, she would be a lot better off. Remember that Israel and her Jews have gone through hell once before in Germany, and no UN, U.S., USSR or anyone else is going to put her in that situation again. Jerusalem is Israel's to stay.

Auburn, N.Y. HARRY GOLDMAN

NR's call for internationalization is certainly "even-handed," just as the Pope's message of "concern" for the safety of religious freedom in Jerusalem is understandable and justifiable. But such calls and messages would have been even more meaningful prior to the war, when the Jordanians denied almost all freedoms to resident Jews. What was *NR*'s position then? And the Pope's? As I recall, they said nothing.

Hempstead, N.Y. ROBERT SOBEL

Kudos for *NR*'s courageous recommendations [July 29 and September 9] that Jerusalem be both reunited and internationalized. As a student of and former resident in the Levant, I can assure you that escalating violence and, ultimately, general warfare are inevitable unless Israel agrees both to the internationalization of Jerusalem and to the compensation or repatriation of some *significant* number of the Palestinians dispossessed in 1948 and 1967.

If the sovietization of the Palestinians and their Arab sympathizers is to be avoided, the United States must manifest "even-handedness" in deeds rather than in words. The execution of the agreement to deliver fifty Phantom jets to a nation in military occupation of vast reaches of its neighbors' territory will only accelerate Communist subversion of the oil-rich Middle East.

Ann Arbor, Mich. ANTHONY T. SULLIVAN

. . . more Crossfire

Re: T. E. Utley's "Ulster—Still on the Brink," [*NR*, Sept. 9]: To refer to the B Specials as a "volunteer police force" organized "for the defense of the military

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and civil installations" is tantamount to identifying the Ku Klux Klan as a local defense organization engaged in the prevention of boll weevil.

Since when has Eire become known as the "Irish Catholic Republic"? How does the "United Protestant Kingdom of Great Britain" sound, Mr. Utley? And we all know that Ian Paisley and his followers are a minority; that is, except for Capt. O'Neill who was forced to resign as PM of the North after he came close to being defeated by Mr. Paisley in a recently held popular election.

Bronx, N.Y. FRANK J. MCNALLY

Concerning the Letter from London by T. E. Utley, leading editorial writer for the British *Sunday Telegraph*—I suggest, in the interest of fair play and even-handedness, you allow the same space to an editorial writer from the *Irish News*, Belfast or the *Irish Press* in Dublin.

Teaneck, N.J. THOMAS O'FLAHERTY

Who Indeed?

Your "Liberate the Schools" [*NR*, Sept. 9] somewhat demolishes my faith in your economic expertise. Let us examine the economics of your suggestion. If we assume that it costs $1,000 to educate a student in a public school the total cost to the taxpayers would be $1,000 times the number of students enrolled, right?

If there are six thousand public school enrollees the local tax bite would be $6 million. In addition, let us say there are three thousand students attending private (parochial) schools. According to your theory the town fathers should distribute the $6 million among the nine thousand students which would result in a per pupil cost of $666.66. Since the public schools still require the $1,000 per pupil, who will make up the difference, Mr. Liberator? Will it be the private school or the taxpayer?

Bergenfield, N.J. H. CUNDARI

Uh-Oh . . .

The cover title [Sept. 9] is in very poor taste and unworthy of NATIONAL REVIEW. Why was it necessary to use a four-letter word to introduce F. Reid Buckley's excellent article? Let Mailer do *that*.

MRS. WILLIAM A. DANIEL

Port Hueneme, Calif.

Why should Mailer have all the fun? —ED

Squid Pro Quo

Hear, hear to Patricia Coyne's "Let Them Eat Squid" [*NR*, Sept. 9]. I do hope you are sending a copy to the participating prominents in New York and Washington or wherever they may reside during their brave test of hunger.

I added it all up yesterday, and, by Jove, discovered that I am not using up my quota: It came to 59 cents a day per person, and my calculations had to include a couple of good steaks (I do watch the

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sales), a pot roast, and a bottle of French wine (99 cents) a week.

Let me add, I do resent the contemptuous disregard in which one of my family's favorites seems to be held: What, pray, is wrong with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich? If I didn't have plenty on hand, I'd be fired.

Princeton, N.J. MARGARET VAN PELT

Mrs. Coyne's feeding suggestions are the suggestions of an *educated* woman, who knows about food and who has been taught nutrition and who has a sophisticated palate. The poor are none of these. Where have they ever learnt anything about decent cooking? In the Southern rural slums, or for that matter, even in the New York City schools? Nobody has ever told even middle-class American women that kidneys, beef hearts and squid are excellent food. Any home economist can tell you about American food prejudices, which account for the cheapness of the foods Mrs. Coyne recommends.

The trouble with the poor is that nobody among their critics (like Mrs. Coyne) will recognize that they simply don't know because nobody has bothered to teach them. Teaching nutrition is a long, slow job, but it can be done, as the cooking classes run by the Health Department did show. But how many such projects are there? And in a society that glorifies the quick things, the convenience foods at every moment, how can you expect nearly illiterate women, with a poverty record that goes back for generations, to think otherwise when they have never heard of proper cooking?

I gather from the notes on Mrs. Coyne that she has fed her four children often on less than 66 cents a day. The reason that she could do it is, I repeat, that she is an educated woman. Am I wrong to assume that Mrs. Coyne's background is different from that of the average welfare wife? And for how long did Mrs. Coyne have to feed her family on that sum and *when, when*, was that? I think she owes it to us to go into details on how she did this, and for how long, and when. She does remind me of the English intellectuals of my youth who were all terribly poor, but who always had some friends or relations who lent them a bit of Sheraton or family portraits for their basement flats. It is very different to live on very little for awhile for people like us (and I have done it, indeed, down to taking in laundry to make money when the children were small) than to live on very little, *for good*, in a slum, a slum that was home for parents and grandparents, as well as for oneself and the children.

New York, N.Y. NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

A Reply

Mrs. Hazelton is right. People do have to be taught to cook. But the people in question, the ones who migrated from "Southern rural slums," were educated in a famous tradition of Southern cookery, currently being celebrated in a raft of best-selling cook books, that uses cheap and highly nutritious food. The best athletes in the country are products of the Southern slums. Somebody's mother somewhere knows how to cook.

Through necessity the poor have learned to educate their tastes. The middle classes shun "organs" and leave them not only for the rich but for the poor also to enjoy. I lived near a Negro ghetto last year and I could regularly buy kidney and liver featured prominently at three pounds for a dollar. It was obviously a neighborhood staple.

But in spite of this the poor in New York do go hungry. Mrs. Hazelton also blames, and rightly so, the glamor and convenience of packaged foods. Her solution is proper education, but I'm a bit skeptical. Learning about iron in spinach will not deglamorize TV dinners. The problem is more complex and I honestly don't know *what* the answer is. I'm only convinced that it *isn't* more money.

And finally, Mrs. Hazelton can be excused for questioning my qualifications for discussing poverty for my circumstances are unusual. I was born and spent my first nineteen years on a homestead in Alaska. Until my early teens we lived, quite happily, under conditions that a modern welfare worker would consider scandalous. We ate, as I remember, from army-surplus tin plates and sat on camp stools, Sheraton being in short supply among the Matanuska Valley's homesteaders. And from the time we were married—ten years ago—until very recently, my husband has been a student, much of the time earning considerably less than comparable New York welfare families of six receive.

Fairfield, Conn. PATRICIA COYNE

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THE WEEK

■ Meanwhile, in Darkest Washington, Sen. Hugh Scott has been elected Minority Leader. Sen. Scott's claim to leadership consists of the demonstrated ability to vote against his party one half the time, thus maintaining its Minority status, and of his presence in the Republican Party, which has the same effect.

■ Everybody is pooh-poohing President Nixon's draft cutbacks as a foredoomed attempt to defuse campus opposition to the war. Nixon knows that's impossible: As Hanoi has ignored concession after concession, the domestic antiwar movement has been pushed further and further to the left. As for the campus hard Left, nothing the Administration does about the war, the draft or anything else will be satisfactory. Rather, Nixon sought to consolidate his position with square, off-campus America. When the campus-centered protests turn nasty (as they seem likely to do), he can wave draft reform as an olive branch spurned at home while Hanoi was spurning others abroad. Along with the cutbacks, Nixon prodded Congress (which has been sitting on his draft reform proposals since May) to get busy. One hopes the President will carry out his threat to take "unilateral action" on the draft if Congress continues inactive; one wonders whether he should give another earnest of his determination in this field, by replacing General Lewis Hershey as the superannuated symbol of a superannuated system.

■ Nearly seven million responsible black Americans belong to the National Baptist Convention, far and away the largest and most representative Negro organization in America today. At their recent convention in Kansas City, members of the Convention unanimously passed a series of resolutions condemning black separatism, denouncing James Forman's demand for "reparations," and affirming their faith in the U.S. "The future of Americans is with America," said the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jackson, the Convention's president. "The civil rights movement must now modify its course and move in a different direction. It must cease to be a campaign of color. . . . The goals should be, not Negro rights alone, but the rights of all Americans. The emphasis must be as much on responsibility as on civil rights."

■ As a protest against the Vietnam war, the Left is attempting to organize a nationwide boycott of classes on October 15, and, as a token of their regard for higher education, 24 professors have issued a statement supporting the boycott—among them John Kenneth Galbraith, who is evidently in a mood for a bit of ideological slumming. One of the signers, for example, is Donald Kalish of UCLA, who is associated with much more melodramatic doings: On July 29, Kalish attended a meeting of Chairmen and Project Directors of the New Mobilization's Fall Offensive, which is planning a Chicago demonstration in October, a Washington demonstration in November. Kalish gets around—he was also a member of the Fort Hood Three Defense Committee and of the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, the latter a longtime Communist front. Another signer from UCal, Franz Schurman, figured in the Second Annual Conference of Socialist Scholars, a revolutionary and Marxist-oriented group. Richard Falk of Princeton and Martin Peretz of Harvard also signed. Falk visited Hanoi in July 1968 and had what Radio Hanoi described as a "cordial conversation" with good old Premier Pham Van Dong (if Ho is George Washington, is Pham Thomas Jefferson?). Peretz, of Harvard, is as rich as Croesus and bankrolled the recent National Conference for a New Politics, a New Left jamboree, and also contributed heavily to *Ramparts* (until *Ramparts* began supporting the Arab people's liberation movements, whereupon Peretz took his checkbook and went home). We thought Galbraith came to study the Affluent Society, not to bury it.

■ The mayoralty race in New York City is getting more coverage than any other political contest this year, and with good reason. It is the most important. Quite apart from what happens to New York City, though what happens to New York is, unfortunately, important to Santa Barbara, California. The big question is: Does John Lindsay get re-elected? And that question is important because he disguises himself as a Republican. John Marchi, the Republican challenger from Staten Island, an experienced legislator and enthusiastic disciple of Republican positions, is proving a stronger candidate than was generally supposed. At first he was too different, too verbose, too academic. But the New Marchi is a formidable campaigner, and he leaves more enthusiasm in his wake than the glamorous Lindsay: at least, among people over thirteen years old who are not members of Americans for Democratic Action (which is backing Lindsay). Mario Procaccino is refusing to debate, for the best of reasons. The polls will be published soon. Just possibly they will show Lindsay running third.

■ A correspondent who traveled to this country recently aboard the M/S *Aurelia* describes it as a "dreadful vessel operated by a student association with some impossible obfuscating name." He encloses a reading list, "Some Suggested Reading to Get Acquainted with America," issued to the five hundred or so young Europeans aboard. It includes: James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*; Kenneth Clark, *Youth in a Ghetto*; *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*; Eldridge Cleaver, *Soul on Ice*; Herbert Marcuse, *One-Dimensional Man*; Staughton Lynd, *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism*; J. K. Galbraith, *The Affluent Society*. Oh, yes, and Thoreau.

■ A flight engineer on the Biafra survival run who works for the International Red Cross doesn't much like his own

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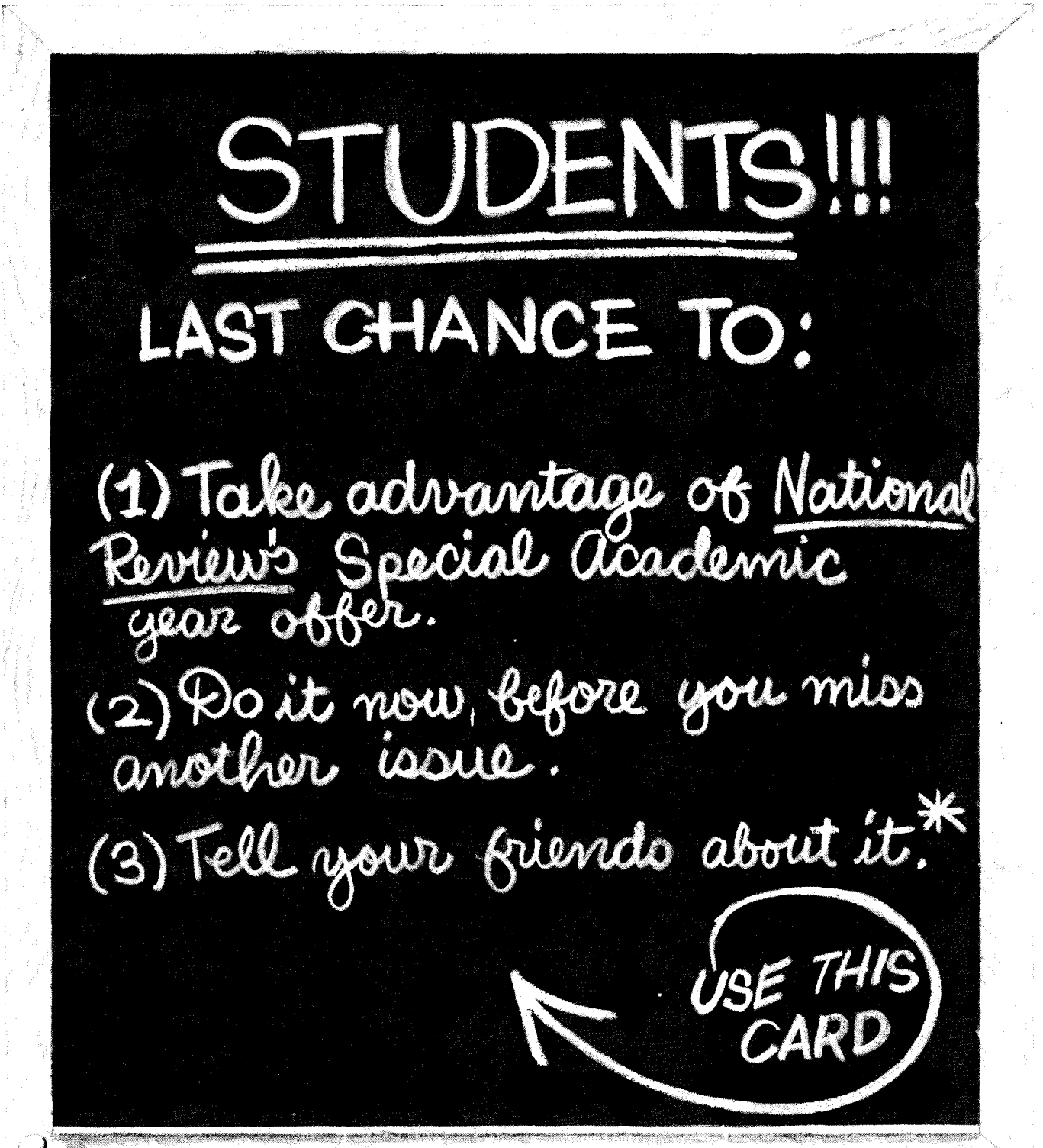
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outfit. He thinks the officials are more concerned with their image than with their mission. But he can't speak too highly of what he calls the Church Group that *is* flying missions into Biafra nightly and whose pilots and crews risk their lives knowing that no matter how often they fly, between four hundred and two thousand women and children die every day. One crew on the run from San Tomeo was killed, he writes, "because their pilot had flown too many missions—270—was completely worn out and had lost his judgment. He was so wound up in his concern for the Biafrans and for Father Byrnes of the Catholic Relief Services (c/o Church Group, San Tomeo, Portugal) that he ended up making the supreme sacrifice." He ends: "Anything you can do at NATIONAL REVIEW in publishing the plight of Father Byrnes and the plight of the Biafrans will be deeply appreciated."

■ Everyone's heard of Régis Debray, the French "journalist" who accompanied Che Guevara in the mountains of Bolivia, was captured before Guevara, may or may not have put the finger on Che, and was subsequently sentenced to thirty years in prison as a revolutionary. Everyone from Jean-Paul Sartre to the Pope demanded that Debray be released because he was, after all, just a journalist doing his thing even though that thing included writing manuals on subversion and revolution. But has anyone heard of Jean-Marie Laurent? Laurent is also a French journalist. He went to the Congo, Brazzaville, and was arrested in February 1968 for taking pictures of the city, sending information abroad and editing various pamphlets. Was there an international outcry, protest? No. Not even when, in August of 1969—that is to say eighteen months later—he was sentenced to ten years at hard labor. For all we know both Debray and Laurent may have been revolutionaries and spies, not journalists—the evidence is at least overwhelming that Debray was not in Bolivia only as a journalist—but why the hullabaloo about the one and not the other? Could it be what Sir Arnold Lunn so aptly terms "selective indignation"? Why is it that a leftist government such as Brazzaville, or as Algiers (witness Tshombe), is never called to account in the court of world opinion for its tyrannical acts?

■ Pei Hsiao-ying, a humble commune worker, got into the hands of "doctors with a bourgeois world outlook" who told her she could not be cured. But (tara-tara) along came other doctors, "implementing Chairman Mao's instructions in medical and health work," who removed a 78-pound tumor and sent happy Pei Hsiao-ying back to work. So ends today's lesson from the New China News Agency.

■ In a celebrated game several weeks ago, Clete Boyer, who is single and the third baseman for the Atlanta Braves, was waiting to bat when a delicious, shapely, minidressed young thing burst from the stands, ran up and draped an enchanting kiss on the startled ballplayer. Happily, a photographer was on hand to record the historic moment. There the matter rested until *Screw*, a porno sheet, pointed out that in the *New York Times*' version of the photo, the young lady preserved her modesty by airbrush, whereas in the *Daily News* version, her minidress was permitted to take its course (she was short; he is tall). Thus, Editorial Policy intrudes, complicated by the fact that the *Times* happens to support *Screw*'s right to exist while the *News* does not. There's a moral here somewhere. But please don't write us about it.

■ Remember Bashir Ahmad, the Pakistani camel driver whom Lyndon Johnson befriended eight years ago? Where is he now? In Karachi, doing a slow burn. Seems after he visited the Johnson pad, the Ford people gave Ahmad a shiny new pickup truck, so he could retire his camels. Ahmad had a better idea: He rented the truck to the U.S. Consulate General in Karachi for $170 per month, on which income he lived expansively. Until five months ago, when the Consulate General returned the by-now dilapidated truck. Now Ahmad sits around writing letters to LBJ, none of which gets answered. "Lyndon! It's United Parcel, with a camel—collect!"

■ Can Marchi win? About as likely as the fumbling New York Mets winning a pennant.

Here We Go Again

As Vietnam declines as a Hot Issue, the libintern casts about for new worlds to conquer. The campaign against the Greek colonels is well under way, with *greuelpropaganda* flooding the press and airwaves. Indications are that the white governments of Southern Africa are in for it as well.

Why else would the *New York Times* send R. W. Apple to Rhodesia? Apple earned his spurs in South Vietnam by tsk-tsking all over the government there and drenching every relocated peasant in sight with inky tears. Now he's in Salisbury, and what do we find in the *Times*? "Rhodesian troops and police swept into a mountainous district . . . at dawn today and evicted the rebellious Tangwena tribe from its ancestral homeland." "Rekayi Tangwena, the gaunt, grey-haired chief" said "five chiefs are buried here. I too will be buried here," whereupon he was put in a car, whereupon "the tribal women stripped naked, wailed, threw dust on themselves and clung to the leader. . . ." All this happened, mind you, because "The Tangwenas were living in an area designated white under the Land Apportionment Act of this white-ruled central African nation" and "Territorial segregation is a cornerstone of Prime Minister Ian D. Smith's racial policy."

Tsk. Sob. Among the facts overlooked by Apple: Those Tangwenas have been in their "ancestral homeland" since 1902, when they fled into Rhodesia during the Makombi rebellion in Portuguese East Africa. That "homeland" is part of the Garesi Ranch. By 1931, most of the tribe had removed to the Holdenby Tribal Trust lands, twelve miles away. In that year owners of the

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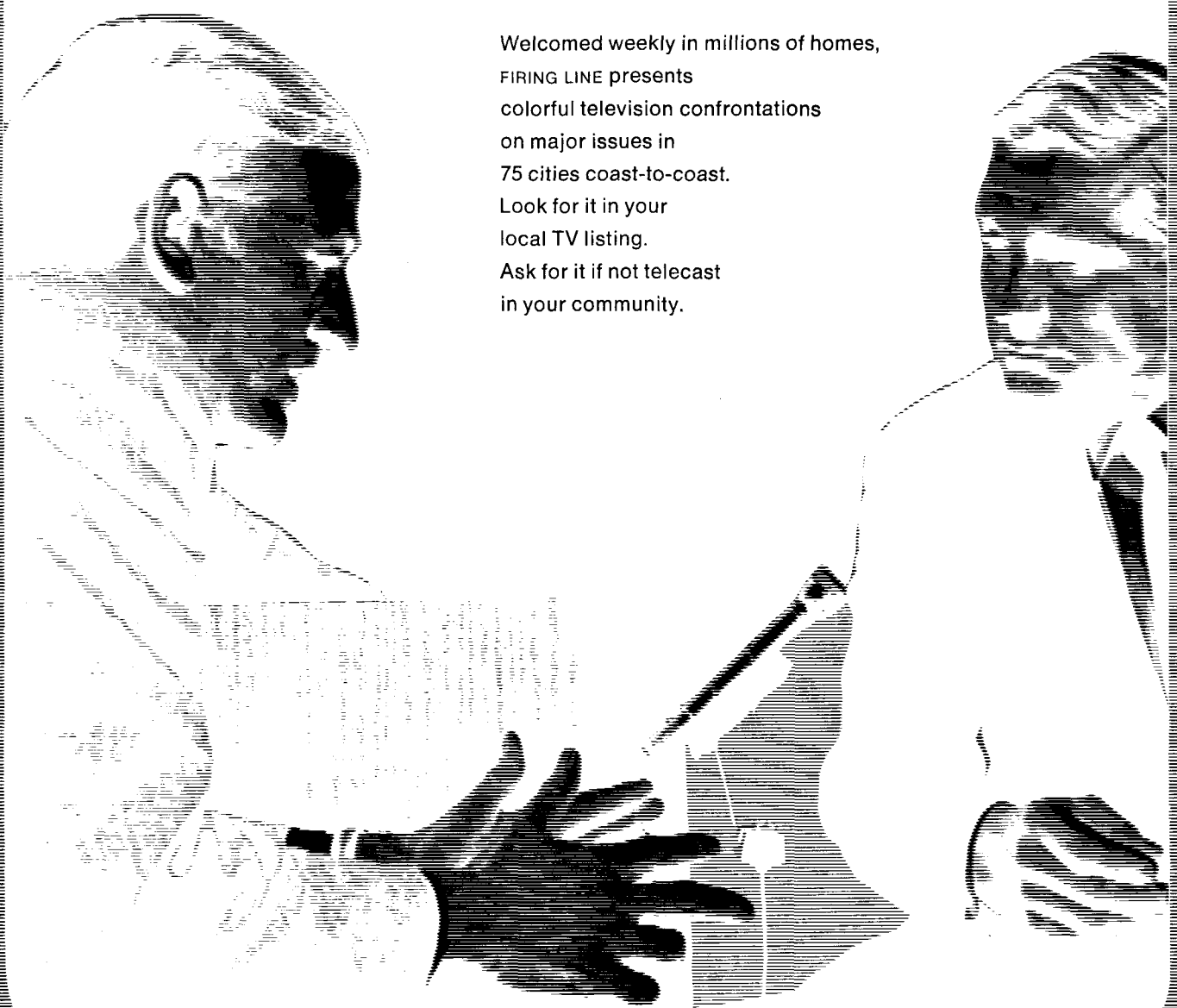

FIRING LINE with William F. Buckley, Jr. is produced by Warren Steibel for NATIONAL REVIEW and distributed by SHOWCORPORATION

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ranch entered into a "labor agreement" (a normal legal tenancy arrangement) with 26 Tangwenas who had remained behind. By this year, the 26 had grown to 314 (not, as Apple claims, 1,500)—and the land in question had gone so to pot that the Rhodesian government ordered its owners to take corrective steps. A man was sent out to instruct the Tangwenas in contour farming (to prevent erosion); he was chased away by Rekayi and his followers. Facing possible criminal prosecution for "negligence in land husbandry methods adopted by their tenants," the owners were forced to terminate the labor agreement. When Rekayi & Co. refused to leave, the troops were called in and the Tangwenas taken to the Holdenby Trust—where are buried Dzeka, Mudina, Kinga and Marijeni, chiefs of the Tangwenas since 1890.

So much for the lucubrations of R. W. Apple. Turn to the crisp, scholarly pages of *Foreign Affairs* Magazine and behold Russell Warren Howe, an American journalist, summing up the "war in Southern Africa." In Rhodesia, ZAPU is engaging government troops (and killing prisoners, although "eventually the nationalist intention is to institutionalize uniformed warfare under Geneva Convention rules"), while ZANU is "mainly concerned with sabotage (though they have so far eschewed terror)." In South Africa ANC, not quite ready for full-scale guerrilla warfare, is concentrating on base-building. Over in Southwest Africa, SWAPO is pulling hit and run raids on military camps. In Mozambique, FRELIMO holds all kinds of territory; Holden Roberto's GRAE in Angola is on the march. These and other alphabetical outfits are being armed and financed, variously, by Russia, China, Cuba and Algeria, not that that really matters because "it is difficult to gauge how ideologically committed the guerrillas are to socialist doctrine. . . ."

All-out war is just over the horizon, says Howe: "In this corner of the globe, whose fair hills make a savage contrast with the ugliness wrought by man, the restless spirit of Nazism, with its accent on genetic myth and legal caste, will perhaps be put to rest in a swamp of blood."

Grey Eminence

France's King had Richelieu;
  Wilson had his Colonel House.
Harry Truman took advice
  From his spouse.

Hindenberg had Ludendorff;
  Castro had the *New York Times.*
Louis let La Pompadour
  Ring his chimes.

Ibn Saud caucused with
  All the gals he could afford.
Mitchell's Mr. Nixon's man . . .
  Thank the Lord.

W. H. VON DREELE

And what is the U.S. supposed to do about all this? Ban new investment in South Africa, ban South Africa from international athletics, and kick Portugal out of NATO. And, Howe suggests, now that the black African revolutionaries are "beginning to show their mettle," we should not leave all the intervention to the Communist bloc. Shucks, there's room for all down there in that swamp of blood.

What'd He Say?

Fake a left hook, fake a right cross, then dazzle them with your footwork. No knockouts, but you pile up points.

Such seems to be the political strategy of the Nixon Administration, the members of which can be heard on any given day of the week taking every imaginable ideological position on every conceivable issue. Take last week, for instance, when the busing business made headlines again. Mr. Agnew tells the Southern governors that he is against busing children "to other neighborhoods simply to achieve an integrated status of a larger geographic entity."

Despite the last half-dozen words, clear enough. But is it just Agnew or is it the Administration? It's the Administration, says Ron Ziegler a day later. But not quite. "The President," Ziegler says, "is not for imposing busing as a way to achieve racial balance." A small difference, perhaps, but a difference, because Agnew's comment could be read as a condemnation of busing to overcome *de jure*, or deliberate segregation, as exists in parts of the South, while Ziegler's remarks could be seen as an attack on busing to alleviate *de facto* segregation, such as that which exists in the North because of housing patterns. This is a safe position, because *de facto* segregation, unlike the *de jure* variety, is not illegal, and Congress does not require school districts to bus in order to overcome it.

And so what exactly *does* the Administration think about busing? Along comes Robert Finch on Sunday to explain it all. "You can't rule out busing," he tells ABC's *Issues and Answers*. "I mean, busing is there. Every district practically in the country uses buses to move people from one place to another." All clear, finally. Buses exist, people ride on them, and the Nixon Administration is all for it. All for what? Why, people riding to school instead of walking to school, get it?

Let There Be Darkness

Earlier this year Prof. Arthur R. Jensen of Berkeley published a now-famous article in the *Harvard Educational Review*. The article maintained with impressive scholarship that a) Negroes as a group test out poorly where abstract reasoning and problem-solving are concerned, and that b) this aspect of intelligence is mostly inherited, a matter of genes, and therefore beyond the

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reach of compensatory education and other kinds of environmental amelioration. Naturally, all hell broke loose.

At Berkeley, though not challenging either Jensen's data or his reasoning, a number of his colleagues sought to have him censured. He was summoned before an ad hoc symposium of faculty members and required to defend his article as TV cameras publicized the proceedings. A UCal psychologist distributed a paper attempting to smear Jensen as a conservative (he isn't). And it has begun to be widely argued that, in the light of Jensen's findings, this entire subject should be put intellectually and academically out of bounds. "The wise scientist," announced one Jensen critic, "will not devote himself to research on the relation between race and ability; the wise university will not honor those who do, or disseminate their work."

Ironically enough, it was precisely the resistance of the Church to the critical examination of doctrine and history which drew the sharpest attacks from the philosophers of the Enlightenment; and it has been both the premise and the glory of the modern intellectual enterprise that the truth would be pursued wherever it might lead. How tenuous is the commitment of many modern liberals to this premise we now see in the controversy that swirls around Jensen. It must be made dangerous, nay, impossible, to subject key liberal doctrines to critical examination.

And make no mistake about it, Jensen has undercut a key doctrine, one whose importance far transcends the argument over comparative racial abilities. Liberalism is an ideology of secular hope; without that hope liberalism is nothing; and the hope rests squarely on environmentalist assumptions. Man's imperfections and limitations may be palpable, but they are not intrinsic—they are, instead, a product of his environment. Only change that environment and a new man will step forth. The ideologists of secular hope differ, of course, on what they would change in the environment. The Philosophes thought that when the last aristocrat had been hanged in the entrails of the last priest, reason and felicity would prevail. Marx advised that capitalism and the bourgeoisie should be extirpated, whereupon classless bliss would prevail. Others have prescribed educational reforms, the abolition of property, funny money, etc.—but whatever the prescription, the environmentalist assumption has been constant.

Jensen has struck at this assumption. His work engages a far harsher, much less tractable reality—heredity, intrinsic characteristics, neural structures. His conclusions, to be sure, may one day be successfully challenged—all scientific truth is provisional—but so far there is no sign that they have been. Meanwhile, for his heresies with regard to fundamental doctrine, he must be duly anathematized, bell, book and candle. A humane and generous —dare we say a Christian—incorporation of Dr. Jensen's data would be in the direction of the point made by Ernest van den Haag in NATIONAL REVIEW several years pre-Jensen—the point that superiority in "intelligence," as defined by current standards, is not necessarily human superiority. Even if Dr. Jensen is proved accurate, millions of Negroes would be more "intelligent" than millions of whites. And—as van den Haag points out—who is to say that intelligence is the supreme virtue? Ironically, the liberal.

A Strategy of Paradox

One of the eerier features of modern politics is the role of paradox: things turn into their opposites, reverse, in odd ways, their commonsense meanings. Orwell grasped this when he made central to the world of *1984* those famous formulations: Love is Hate, Peace is War, Freedom is Slavery, etc. Consider the following: a major aspect of Communist strategy in Vietnam involves American public opinion. Battlefield strategy is designed with that opinion very much in mind, and military operations

At it again . . .

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The Remnant (Is. 1:9) Lives, and Is Headmaster of Hotchkiss School

August 1969

To Hotchkiss Parents—

In several short weeks Hotchkiss will reconvene for another school year. I trust it has been a very pleasant summer for you and for your Hotchkiss son. I also hope that he is looking forward to the coming year as much as we are.

During the next few months and years we are planning to make some important changes in the Hotchkiss program that are designed to prepare our youngsters better for the world into which they will be moving. We will be liberalizing certain academic and social areas so that particularly our older boys will be faced with far greater necessity to make choices for themselves. To accomplish these changes constructively and smoothly it is important to understand what we do *not* plan to change, and to accept the ground rules under which we intend to operate.

In recent years much has been written and spoken about education, some of it helpful, much of it not. The result has been an understandable confusion in the minds of many boys and girls about the proper aims and methods of education. Since misunderstanding can breed distrust, it is hardly the ideal atmosphere in which productive learning can take place.

It seemed not inappropriate at the beginning of another school year for me to say a few words about Hotchkiss and about the way it operates. I am motivated by the belief that "to tell it like it is" is the only fair way to prepare the ground for the very important business we all have ahead of us. So, below are a few points I hope you will share with your son before school opens on September 10.

Point One. Hotchkiss is a school and not a college. We have an obligation to act *in loco parentis.* In performing that parental role we have an obligation to be good parents —fair, firm, consistent, considerate—but we will not provide the permissive atmosphere of a college campus.

Point Two. Hotchkiss is a faculty-run school. It is run in the interests of the boys, but it is not run by the boys. This is not to imply that we are uninterested in the opinions of our students, nor does it infer a lack of respect for the younger generation. It is rather a recognition of the vast importance of what we are doing. We intend to involve responsible boys in the decision-making process in increasing degrees. The final decisions and the final accountability, however, must rest with the faculty and with me. It should be stressed that any boy who deliberately interferes with the orderly running of the school will be asked to leave.

Point Three. In fulfilling its custodianship the faculty and I have the responsibility to establish the standards by which the school will function. This means standards of behavior as well as standards of academic competence. We expect boys who accept Hotchkiss to accept these standards, whether they agree with them or not. There are those who will call this an infringement of personal freedom. They are correct. Boys who come to Hotchkiss are asked to give up certain freedoms they might have elsewhere. Boarding school is inescapably restrictive. We recognize that what we demand may not be congenial to everyone. We cannot be all things to all people. We do, however, recognize an obligation to be true to what we espouse. Anything less would be a betrayal of a trust.

Point Four. The style and tone of a school are just as important as the substance of a school because they are the outward manifestation of inner beliefs. Education is by definition a disciplined process. So is civilization. Neither can exist without the other. When campuses become uncivilized they also become undisciplined and chaotic. By style we mean such matters as language, sportsmanship, basic courtesy to peers and elders, dress, regard for school rules and school principles.

Point Five. We do not believe that the possession or use of tobacco, alcoholic beverages or drugs in any form is appropriate at a school like Hotchkiss. There is much rationalization by those who wish to induce us to depart from this stand, but so far I have heard no arguments that can support the beneficial presence of any of these substances on a school campus. Boys whose actions indicate that they cannot accept our position on these matters will be asked to leave school.

One may reasonably ask why I am writing at such length and in such a vein. I do so for several reasons.

First, I want you to know where we stand. We depend upon support from the homefront. We cannot fairly expect that support if you do not know what we are trying to do.

Second, I hope you will discuss this letter with your son so that he also has a clear understanding of what is discussed here.

Third, and most important, if either you or he has sincere doubts or disapproval of the basic principles outlined you should weigh carefully the wisdom of his being at Hotchkiss.

We are more than willing to work overtime to help any boy of good will who wishes to cooperate with the school and who genuinely wishes to take advantage of the opportunities Hotchkiss has to offer. We cannot help someone who does not believe in the school or who by word or deed clearly indicates that he does not wish to be here. To force your son into a situation which he does not accept will be frustrating and demoralizing for him and for us. Needless to say, we hope that your son will reaffirm his support for Hotchkiss. We would not be here if we did not believe we had a great school. We also believe that we must work hard to keep it strong. That is really what I am saying here. We look forward to building a greater future with your son's help.

I hope we will be seeing you during the course of the school year. In the meantime, my warmest regards.

A. William Olsen Jr.
Headmaster

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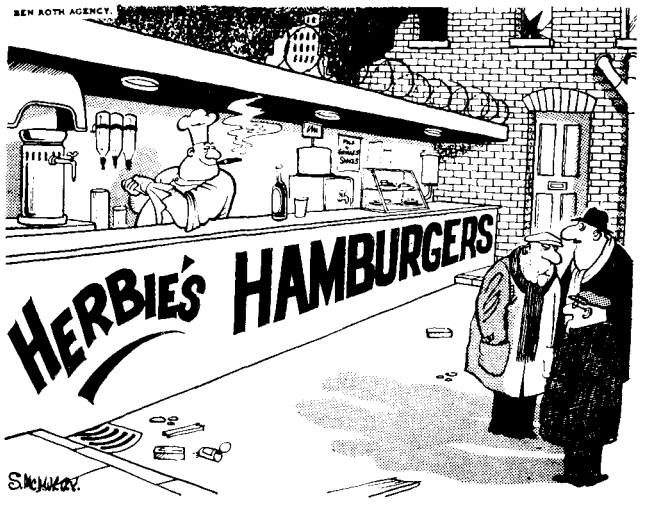
frequently have the manipulation of opinion as their principal goal. The war as the Communists conceive it cannot be won on the battlefield, but it can be won in the U.S., where public opinion will bring about an American strategic defeat. Therefore it follows that the incremental withdrawal of American troops, calculated to diminish resistance to the war, is perceived by Hanoi as an *attack* upon the political aspect of Communist strategy: the withdrawals, accordingly, are denounced as an imperialist outrage. A comic *reductio* suggests itself. *Nixon*: "We have now withdrawn fifty thousand troops, and unless you give way we will crush you by withdrawing 200,000 more."

The combined military-political strategy employed by the Communists imposes upon Mr. Nixon the most delicate kind of operation in response. Troop withdrawals, "Vietnamization," and conciliatory rhetoric will cool the domestic opposition, and isolate the hard Left, which desires a U.S. humiliation. The time thus purchased in the political dimension will, if the orchestration is successful, permit the adoption of what Sir Robert Thompson calls a "long-haul, low-cost" protracted strategy. The war will continue, in this view, but it will continue "on page 17." And, for the Communist guerrilla in the jungle and in the swamp, not to win will be to lose.

The Population Firecracker

More nonsense is currently being talked on the subject of population than on any other subject that comes to mind. "In six and a half centuries from now," warns Robert McNamara, "the same insignificant period of time separating us from the poet Dante, there would be one human being standing on every square foot of land on earth: a fantasy of horror that even the *Inferno* could not match." The tocsin sounds in expensive full-page ads: "The population bomb keeps ticking," we are melodramatically informed by the Campaign to Check the Population Explosion, and to population growth all the ills of our civilization are duly ascribed: "Let's take a look at conditions in our country as they exist today with our present population of 200 million Americans. Our waters—rivers, lakes and beaches—are polluted. We are literally [sic] deafened by noise and poisoned by carbon monoxide from 100 million cars. Our city slums are packed with youngsters—thousands of them idle, victims of discontent and drug addiction. And millions more will pour into our streets in the next few years at the present rate of procreation. You go out after dark at your peril. Last year one out of every four Americans was murdered, raped or robbed."

There it looms—The Apocalypse. Whatever can we do? "Birth Control Is an Answer" cry the ads, with revivalistic fervor. These campaigns, of course, are sponsored by the usual self-bamboozled and beleagured Righteous, who have faced, lo these many years, so many mortal challenges together.



McMurtry, *Daily Sketch*, London — Ben Roth Agency

" 'Tis one of Bernadette's new American-financed barricades."

From time to time a steelier note intrudes, as some character out of *Brave New World* wanders into the picture. At a recent conference on population held in Colorado, President Nixon's adviser John Erlichman was informed by assorted "scientists" and "experts" that birth control must now become compulsory, that "the government has to step in and tamper with religion and personal convictions—and maybe even impose penalties for every child a family has beyond two." It is in the nature of such conferences that, despite their scientific trappings and rationalistic flavor, the kook is always near at hand: as when Prof. Garrett Hardin, a biologist from UCal, Santa Barbara stepped forth to recommend that the U.S. set an example for the world by celebrating the nation's bicentennial in 1976 by declaring a moratorium on reproduction, and coming as close as possible to a zero birth-rate.

But, in fact, the United States has no population explosion whatsoever. Last year's birth-rate was the lowest in history, and our population growth hit the lowest level since 1940: 1 per cent. Nor is this circumstance an aberration; it seems characteristic of all the developed nations. Europe, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Canada exhibit declining birth-rates. In Sweden, Norway, Japan, England and France births now just about balance deaths and the population is stable. Overcrowding? In the U.S. people live on about 1 per cent of the land. Mass starvation? The Department of Agriculture estimates that during the coming decade less—not more—farmland will be needed to feed this country's population. In the developed countries there is no case to be made for enforced contraception, let alone for kooky one-year moratoria on reproduction.

It is in the underdeveloped countries of the so-called Third World that population growth poses a threat, and, it may be, an insurmountable threat. Within the foreseeable future their resources and their meager technologies may very well be unable to sustain their popula-

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tions. But it is nonsensical to isolate their population problems from all of their other problems—economic, political, educational, cultural, technological. These problems are inextricable, and feed on one another. To put the matter bluntly, it is by no means accidental that these countries are "underdeveloped," and, therefore, that they have, among other problems, a population problem. Furthermore, since they have in fact made so little headway with the rest of these problems, there is no reason to be sanguine about their solving their population problem in some neat and expeditious Margaret Sangerish way.

The American course here ought to be clear enough. Along with such other aid as it seems prudent to provide the underdeveloped countries, we should, when they request it, provide information about population control as well as such material as they require. We cannot impose upon them the values of the advanced nations, and we should not attempt to coerce them by making aid contingent upon their acceptance of population control programs. To do so would only intensify their resentment. If their problems are going to be solved at all, they will be solved within the cultures concerned.

If Horses Were Wishes

The John Birch Society's *American Opinion* has figured it out. Who, when you come down to it, suffered most from Chappaquiddick? "Kennedy is the *victim* of the publicity about the Kopechne case." In this light, consider Ted Kennedy's first statement to the police in which he said: "My conduct and conversation during the next several hours to the extent that I can remember them, make no sense to me at all." Aha, says *Am. Op.*, what if Kennedy was telling the literal truth—because he was at that time "suffering quasihallucinations"? In which case what could have brought on hallucinations and partial loss of memory? "Isn't it obvious? Drugs. Mind-changing drugs. Marijuana. LSD. What else?"

The thesis is that Kennedy was slipped an LSD mickey in his drink. Look next at the *Encyclopedia Brittannica* which reveals that LSD "acts within thirty to sixty minutes and the effects usually last eight to ten hours."

So now we have it. Teddy was the intended victim. He was betrayed by someone close to him. The purpose was to ruin him politically—and possibly to kill him. But who could be so villainous? *American Opinion* doesn't know since *AO* is not an *Insider*. Nor are the Kennedys Insiders. "The real Insiders are the Establishment." "The Establishment took the Kennedys one at a time up on the mountaintop and showed the glory that could be theirs if they followed the counsel [of the wise men]. . . . But the Kennedys thought to outfox the wise men. . . . And thus they had each to be humbled or die. John died. Robert died. Edward has been humbled, and is threatened with death." And who is the beneficiary of all this? "It seems all too probable, whatever anybody's motive, that the chief political beneficiary of the death of Mary Jo Kopechne and the disgrace of Ted Kennedy will be Richard Nixon."

Toward a Unitary State

Electoral reform? Don't chuckle, chum.
You're knocking "an idea whose time has come."
It passed the House, though seventy demurred;
It's possible the Senate has concurred.
Now watch the pressure build upon each state
Until three-quarters of them (38)
Abolish the electors from the scene.
Then, rid of that archaic in-between,
The people will be grateful for the chance
To vote exactly as they do in France.

W. H. VON DREELE

Larry Roberson, RIP

All deaths are sad; when a young man dies violently, it is sadder still. But ideology can come close to total dehumanization of tragedy. Consider the treatment of Black Panther Larry Roberson's death in the latest SDS *New Left Notes*. Roberson, we are told, "was murdered by fascist pig power structure." He had gone into a restaurant to check "on a pig." He had always "questioned pig brutality and harassment" and worked "against the pig power structure." He found himself "surrounded by fascist security pigs . . . fascist pigs [who are] oinking to the people." He had always stood up against "any other rotting slime to ever drop from the foul-smelling womb of a fascist pig." Roberson resisted arrest, was shot and later died in the hospital. His epitaph as his friends write it: "Death Befall All Fascist Pigs." Our epitaph: He is surely better off than in the company he kept.

William Henry Chamberlin, RIP

We mourn the death of William Henry Chamberlin. Although it is true that he was sad—literally inconsolable after the death of his wife to whom he had been married fifty years. He came to New York about once a year, and came to call. (He was probably among the six surviving Americans who still practiced the venerable institution of simply dropping in for a visit.) He spoke in a high monologue, and a half-dozen times he had to stop because his narrative touched on his wife. And he would leave, to continue his writing, books, book reviews, articles, speeches. He had begun his career as a radical, but turned against the Soviet Union in the Thirties and never let up. (His best piece for *NR* attacked the nonproliferation treaty.) He was fluent in German and Russian, a

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graduate of Haverford College the year Lenin took power. He worked for several newspapers and was sent to Moscow by the *Christian Science Monitor*. He began to freelance in the late Thirties, settling down in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he lived an exemplary life: his single vice was chocolates. His books, including the magisterial *History of the Russian Revolution*; *America's Second Crusade*; *The World's Iron Age*; and *Collectivism, a False Utopia*, were a bulwark of sanity. We extend our deepest sympathies to his surviving daughter, Mrs. Klaus Epstein.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: If my scrawl seems vaguely familiar to you, it's because I wrote to you about six or seven months ago, asking what an eschaton was and how one went about immanentizing it.

You were kind enough, not only to answer my question, but to publish my letter in the Notes and Asides section of *NR*.

Very happy at seeing something I'd written in print, I took great pains to carefully store the issue (Feb. 11, 1969) in which my bit of correspondence appeared.

The Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, and the Smithsonian Institute having refused to preserve it under glass, I had to content myself with filing it in my desk. (Please bear with me, there *really is* a point to all this.)

The whole letter bit being done with, I proceeded to order my existence as usual. One of the things which I did was to write for applications and informational bulletins from several colleges which I am interested in attending. (Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, et al.)

The things they sent me were elucidating but disquieting, e.g. "President Kingman Brewster Jr., of Yale University, explaining the undergraduate admissions policy stated: 'For the class of 1973 there were 2,342,-824.32057 applications for the 1025 seats. Naturally, many worthy young people were rejected. Among those rejected were Jesus Christ and all twelve of his Disciples.' President Brewster explained that although Mr. Christ and his followers did meet Yale's minimum standards, they failed to impress the admissions committee with any 'special abilities or atributes, which though intangible, add immeasurably to any great university.' Besides, Yale is known to seek a religious and ethnic diversity. The fact that all thirteen were Christians of Semitic ancestry obviously didn't help."

My guidance counselor and I read all of this over and he then asked me if I'd ever done anything interesting. (Such as: climbing Mt. Everest or teaching comparitive philology to adolescent Gibbons.) "Well," I said, "I once had a rather long letter published in the editorial department of a national magazine. Any good?" "By all means," he replied. I happily darted home to unearth my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW when, to my horror, I discovered it was missing. Now my guidance counselor most emphatically told me that if one isn't *diverse* (say, a Cherokee Indian or a five-year-old that writes operas) *one must be interesting*. Which brings me to the point (at last) of this whole letter (book?).

I.e., are there any extra copies of the Feb. 13, 1969, issue of *NR* lying around your office that I might purchase? If there are I would be most happy to pay any costs (postage, detective fees, etc.) incurred in getting them to me.

Finally, if I *do* succeed in getting in to one of those schools I mentioned (which I would dearly love to do despite my kidding about their admissions policies) maybe I can infiltrate the SDS for you, or something.

Sincerely,
Edward H. Vazquez
23 Pleasant Valley Road
Old Bridge, New Jersey 08857

Dear Edward: If you don't get into the college of your choice, then I say, let them immanentize the goddam eschaton. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: As you will see from the attached, the swing to the right is getting ridiculous.

John Lofton
Washington D.C.

Attached: *Medical Tribune,* July 24, 1969, p. 3. headline:

CONSERVATISM IS RECOMMENDED
FOR COLONIC JUVENILE POLYPS

New York. A conservative approach to the removal of juvenile polyps beyond the reach of the sigmoidoscope was recommended by a physician from St. Luke's Hospital Center in New York to the Section on Colon and Rectal Surgery. . . .

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: After having waited three months for a reply, I guess I'll never know. Some outfit in *NR* advertised that if I wanted to know what channel Firing Line was on, and the time to write to them. Doll, what channel *do* you come on, in and around Detroit? Some friend of mine in Other Lake, Mich. swears she can get you, when she pushes the TV to the east and tweaks those rabbit ears around. I finally got my husband to buy me a new antenna which will pull you in for sure so give us a clue. Adoringly,

(Mrs.) Alva Townsend

Dear Mrs. Townsend: I am not in Detroit. Why don't you get your husband to move to Grand Rapids? Doll.
—W.F.B.

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JAMES BURNHAM

OUR NEXT VIETNAM?

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

No branch of the military art has been more spectacularly developed in recent years than semantics. It goes without saying that "war" has been abolished. We can now relax at a couple of hundred countrymen dead per week because we know it's only a "lull." When armored columns shoot up everything in sight and kill every human being they meet, it's fortunately only a "raid." Those troops landing at the local airport are, naturally, comrades arriving for a show of friendship.

So God knows what one calls what is going on along the Suez Canal and Gulf and in the border regions of Jordan, Lebanon and Israel, but whatever it is, it's getting rougher.

The Gulf of Suez operation was another spectacular Israeli success. Jerome Caminada described for the *Times* (London) the cockiness of the returning Israeli units: "As I listened to a perky soldier of great seniority and unmistakable competence and confidence expanding on the neat expedition and the return across some twenty miles of the Gulf of Suez, I could not decide which made the most impression—the efficiency or the military self-satisfaction. . . . An Israeli in Tel Aviv remarked: 'They will be in Capetown one day.' . . . Morale and confidence are abundant now but"—Mr. Caminada finished his dispatch—"still the question is—what comes next?"

Mideast Dialectic

I have begun to believe—in spite of the record to date and the fact that the Israeli army is probably the best in the world, man for man—that the Arabs may be going to win in the end. That end would certainly be a long way up the road. But the Arabs are not the hurrying sort. I mentioned a while ago (*NR*, March 23) an Algerian leader's expectation of at least five or ten years of fighting, with the probable destruction of Cairo, Damascus and Baghdad before it is over.

There is a curious dialectic in this affair, a Marxist would say. Israeli fighting is teaching the Arabs how to fight. They are poor pupils, certainly, but slowly some of them begin to learn. They flunked in face of the Gulf raid. But along the Canal their artillery fire and some of their commando strikes show improvement, and their aircraft are at least getting off the ground—indeed, occasionally bagging an Israeli plane. Similarly, Israeli hostility is slowly forging a modicum of Arab unity. For the first time there seems to be some strategic coordination between the Arabs' east and west fronts. The conservative rulers of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait pay hundreds of millions of dollars into revolutionary coffers. And the move of Libya into the "Arab socialist" camp is a symptom of strengthening intra-Arab ties.

Then there are the guerrilla organizations. Several of these, especially Al Fatah, are improving in training, tactics and quality of personnel. The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine is erratic, but some of its members are demonstrating their toughness and a certain verve—cf. the behavior of the couple on the TWA plane. These groups have an immense mass from which to draw recruits. Their operations, even when unsuccessful, have a wearing effect. Equally, perhaps more, important is their political effect inside the Arab countries, where their pressure works against any move toward negotiated settlement.

Arab propaganda, though still crude and often puerile in comparison to the masterful Israeli and supporting Jewish propaganda, seems a wee bit more effective, or less ineffective, than heretofore. This is more apparent outside the United States than within, where so much of the media is, from conviction or habit, so strongly pro-Israel. The West European press gives a very different impression of the Mideast struggle. The unanimity of the anti-Israel UN votes on Jerusalem reflects, in part, the Arab propaganda improvement.

But the overriding factor for the long run is the disparity in numbers. For the long run, Israel operates from too small a population base. Quality can overcome quantity only up to a point; after that point, quantity takes over—especially if meanwhile quantity has upgraded its quality a little.

If Israel begins to get hurt, if it begins to look as if she might lose, what is to be U.S. policy?

One Too Many

U.S. policy is, and will doubtless continue to be, to strive for a negotiated settlement. But the two sides are irreconcilable; there is no settlement to which both would agree. The UN cannot force them to settle; the UN is helpless. The Soviet Union does not want a settlement—neither a negotiated settlement nor one brought by the definitive victory of its Arab clients. From the Soviet point of view, the present Mideast situation, though expensive, is satisfactory. The radical Arab states are kept in line by their need for arms and technical aid. If they smashed Israel, they could, and some at least would, be more independent of the Kremlin. And the present situation, given the American tie-in with Israel, obstructs the development of U.S. relations with the Arab states.

So, ruling out a peaceful negotiated settlement, what would the U.S. do? The commitment of most of the Jewish community and of liberalism to Israel is so deep that the summons to intervention will be passionately given—by, among others, as we know from 1967, not a few of our doves and Vietniks. I am not one of those who believe our country should take an eternal pledge against another Vietnam. But I am inclined to think the Mideast is one jungle American troops should stay out of. □

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LETTER FROM BERKELEY

What happened in May, the confrontation over the People's Park, completed the radicalization of Berkeley, says Mr. Coyne. He urges other college administrators to study well the lesson of Berkeley

Positively the Last Word on the People's Park

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

I WENT BACK to Berkeley last month. It was a beautiful summer day, the sky sharp California blue, much bigger and cleaner than the Eastern sky. The semitropical foliage blazed, all primary colors, no pastels. On campus things seemed normal enough. Dogs snarled, defecated and fornicated on the Plaza. Naked street-people children ran among them, their proud parents sprawled fuddled in the sun. Little knots of New Leftists jabbered intensely, a couple of jug bands did their thing, imitation Africans beat on bongo drums and screeched like extras in an old Tarzan movie, and a pudgy blonde girl, overcome by the beauty of it all, shed her clothes and hopped about among the kumquat trees.

A typical day. But it had changed. Just beneath the funky atmosphere there was an edginess, an air of hard belligerence. A police car cruised slowly across the campus and when a frisbee bounced off the hood there was a short burst of hard nasty laughter. Three policemen sauntered gun-slinger style through the student union, affecting casual boredom. People fell silent as they passed, and one of them was unable to control a violently twitching nerve in his cheek. For this was post-People's Park Berkeley, and it may never be the same again.

Even during the worst of times, there used to be an innocent sort of unwashed charm in it all. True, the resident radical groups, the deformed spawn of the Free Speech movement—SDS, Young Socialist Alliance, Independent Socialist Club, Progressive Labor Party—staged monthly confrontations, often destructive and always disruptive. But these were of short duration, usually more comic than chilling, and the turmoil subsided quickly, touching the great majority of students only briefly, if at all.

But the new mood had been growing, and as it grew the radical movement slowly pulled the pieces together. There were the Stop the Draft Week excesses of 1967; the Moses Hall occupation and the Cleaver controversy, important to the militants because they settled finally on a primary issue, racism; the Telegraph Avenue riots of 1968, when for the first time the New Leftists and the street people formed a firm activist alliance and carried the battle to the citizens of Berkeley; the winter riots of 1969, begun initially to divert attention from their failure at San Francisco State but building into something much bigger when the blacks joined the New Leftists and street people and the National Guard had to be called out.

Impossible in America?

And then, on May 15, the People's Park battles erupted, and it all crystallized. The Berkeley community became radicalized, and the Oski Dolls and Cheer Leaders joined the New Leftists, the street people and the black militants on the barricades. Fifteen thousand students turned out to vote in a special People's Park referendum, more students than had ever before voted for anything at Berkeley—more students, in fact, than had ever attended a football game, a graduation or any university function in memory—and 85 per cent of them voted to reject the administration's action on the People's Park, an action which had set off the greatest confrontation yet to hit an American university community.

The People's Park battles dwarfed the recent uprisings at such places as Harvard, Columbia or Brandeis, and left a residue of radicalized bitterness thicker than that at any other campus. Not only more people were involved, but the nature of the conflicts themselves set a precedent, more like full-fledged guerrilla warfare than the campus riots to which we've become dangerously accustomed. There was the

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by-now famous helicopter gassing, catching hundreds of students who were, just at the moment the copter came over, changing classes. (An old friend described it to me. He, along with the dean of the graduate school, and several university officials were meeting in Sproul Hall as members of the student disciplinary committee, debating, ironically enough, just how tough a line to take with militants. Gas suddenly came billowing through the open window and they raced outside, choking. As they paused on Sproul steps, a policeman lobbed a canister of gas at them. It exploded at their feet.)

The scenes would have been thought impossible a few years ago. James Rector, fatally wounded, his blood running down the shingles of the rooftop. His friend, permanently blinded. A policeman taking deliberate aim at a fleeing Berkeleyite's back. Other policemen grappling obscenely with hysterical girls. (There is ample evidence that some policemen from surrounding Bay-area communities went berserk. The Berkeley City police, however, one of the best law-enforcement groups in the country, acted with their customary intelligent restraint, insofar as restraint was possible.) Other scenes: National Guard bayonets creasing the stomachs of spectators caught in a flanking movement; troops bivouacked in the streets of downtown Berkeley, cooking fires gleaming among stacked rifles. Impossible in America. As impossible as walking on the moon.

Three Reports

The hows and whats of the People's Park war are fairly well known. Thus far, there have been three major accounts. One, by Berkeley professors Wolin and Schaar, appears in the *New York Review of Books*. Another has been printed in *Ramparts*, and the third is a detailed report compiled by Governor Reagan's staff. The Wolin-Schaar piece is least revealing. The professors want Reagan and the administration to emerge as villains, and as a result much of the analysis is distorted, at points inaccurate. Although the piece is long, it seems both general and evasive, and one suspects that the authors did the whole thing primarily so that they could expound on the nature of bureaucracy, which they do at length in the final sections. And ironically, as a result, they end by doing exactly what they accuse the bureaucrats of doing —"the bureaucratic mode of knowing and behaving comes to constitute the things known and done themselves," they say. Exactly. Wolin and Schaar translate the whole conflict into the unreal abstract world of academe, where today's riots become just as immediate as the agitations of the Anti-Corn Law League. They set up chains of causality, find patterns for the patternless, make the irrational rational; and the academic method, like the bureaucratic method they criticize, becomes the thing itself, from which self-created thing they then draw tautological conclusions. Such is the way of abstract political theoreticians, writers of dissertations, directors of sanitation departments and professors.

The *Ramparts* and Reagan reports are much more useful. Both provide a detailed chronology and both agree in general on body counts, number of people injured and most statistical matters. There are differences of emphasis, of course, *Ramparts* being concerned to chronicle the suffering of innocent bystanders, for obvious reasons, and the Governor's report emphasizing police injuries and property damage. The *Ramparts* writers primarily blame the administrators; the Governor's people, New Left militants. And it is here that one crucial difference between the reports emerges. For although the *Ramparts* people admit that the Berkeley radicals have long dreamed of radicalizing the Berkeley community, they maintain that the New Left did nothing to bring the People's Park confrontation about. A bunch of innocent people, the *Ramparts* writers claim—mothers, babies, passersby—were suddenly sucked into the People's Park whirlpool and emerged as radicals or potential radicals.

Not so, says the Reagan report. The People's Park conflict was carefully planned well in advance by New Left agitators—and the report names a number of them whose pre-battle statements on the subject had appeared in such radical publications as the *Berkeley Barb* and the *Guardian*. The truth seems to lie a little in between. There were, as the *Ramparts* writers claim, thousands of innocents involved. But it is equally true that the New Leftists worked hard to bring about the confrontation. And this begins to touch on the why, the why of the militants being very simply that green grass and mothers over against soccer fields and parking lots provide a seldom-realized opportunity to involve a great segment of the community in an emotion-charged confrontation.

The administration's why seems a great deal more difficult to fathom, however, and none of the reports deals adequately with it. Why would men like Chancellor Roger Heyns, long accustomed to dealing with militants, play so easily into their hands? Why would they call in the troops (and they *were* solely responsible for this; Ronald Reagan merely provided what was asked for) to protect their ugly chain fence against the anger of responsible as well as irresponsible Berkeleyites? How could they, in short, blunder in such a bubble-headed fashion?

The Radical Society

The answer is complicated, and it makes little sense without an understanding of the Berkeley context. Berkeley has long been a center of radical activity, one of the few places at this point with a resident radical population, the Yenan of the New Left movement. Radicals at Berkeley are deeply part of the scene, an accepted part of Bay-area culture. This is not yet quite true of other university communities—Harvard or Columbia for instance. At Columbia, it is still possible for students to mount an effective opposition, as the YAFers did during the most recent troubles. For at Columbia the YAFers are at least as much a part of the society as the SDSers, and as such they offer a recognizable cultural alternative.

Not so at Berkeley, however, where the whole notion of traditional values is as meaningless as the concept of laissez-faire economics in Albania. There are almost no alternatives left at Berkeley, and the radical groups are central, the hard intellectual dialecticians, codifiers of the values which have come to shape the society. And this society is radically different, with no objective correlative in the American experience. For what has grown up in Berkeley is a completely alien culture. Its values are not ours, its mores are unique, its life-style unclassifiable. And it is spreading, as witness the recent Woodstock festival at which thousands of youngsters appeared, not yet political but already on their way to becoming full-fledged citizens of the new society. They are not yet New

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Leftists, but they have taken the first giant step, and the New Leftists can afford to wait for them. They are already socially converted. Next comes the political conversion.

It has happened at Berkeley, and the radical movement has become definitive, as much a part of the culture as the Congregational Church in Cheshire, Connecticut. But, until the People's Park, no one quite realized how central it really was, for the society of Berkeley, although a bit more eccentric, seemed not too different from the society which makes up any university town. There were cheerleaders, even prettier than the foliage. There were professors, importing from the East or from the Midwest via the East their button-down shirts, their Brooksy jackets, their ironic chuckles, their pipes. There were fraternity boys, sorority girls, business majors, library science majors, majors in landscapesmanship (or is it landscapery? or Landscape Science? "Now this here is a hedge trimmer.")

Preview of the Seventies?

And then came the People's Park and one suddenly understood just how much the alien culture had affected all these people. Most of them came to Berkeley not too different from students anywhere. But over a period of time their frames of reference slowly began to slide, their values being eroded subtly, bit by bit. Anyone who has served time at Berkeley knows how a tour of duty works. You experience cultural shock during the first few weeks. At the end of a couple of months it looks normal. And after a year or two you're convinced that Telegraph Avenue is Main Street, U.S.A.

This radicalization of the common run of student is extremely significant. And extremely dangerous. The professed intent of the New Left has long been to radicalize and organize the young, to urge them on toward the destruction of the institutions of our society. Until very recently this seemed impossible for a number of reasons. But the People's Park shows that it is no longer a completely far-fetched ideal. Each year Berkeley swallows a new crop of high-schoolers, and increasingly the more attractive and intelligent among them either help to people the street culture or, at the very least, feel comfortable in it. And the boundaries which formerly separated this alien culture from the traditional culture become increasingly blurry. The pom-pom girls may never in the near future, much to the disappointment of male militants, take to the street, but they are no longer uncomfortable with the radical street culture, and have come to accept it not only as an authentic one, but, most dangerously, a normal one.

It is against this background that the whole People's Park mess and the administration's handling of it must be viewed. The mores of the new culture are well known: the constant stimulation, riots, drugs, sex, the sex increasingly performed in groups, the theory apparently being that the best way of keeping excitement high and stimulation constant is to use a constant panorama of performers to combat the post-coital slump. This, of course, the steady bombardment of the senses, leaves no room whatsoever for the exercise of reason, since the reasoning process requires not only common reference points but also non-emotional interludes. But the new mores allow for

neither pauses nor reference points. There is no up, no down, no good, no bad. Only sensation.

Against such a background, then, one essentially antirational, it is absurd to believe that administrators can exercise reason. The administrators are foreigners, trained in the universities of the East and Midwest. They dress and think like their Eastern counterparts, transients rather than expatriates. For the *most* part they never quite accept the whole Berkeley scene, and most of them put in time, waiting until they are called to accept the presidency of Muskingum College or the College of Wooster. Their approach to problems is anachronistic. Their method is the problem-solving method, the objective compromise, the tool being reason. But the people with whom they attempt to deal worship antireason. And so it has not worked at all. At best it has bought useless time, and at worst it has led to abject (although this they have not quite understood) surrender and made them laughingstocks.

The People's Park, however, shows that much of this has finally penetrated the consciousness of the Berkeley administrators. They did what they had to do, although they did it much later than they should have. Their actions must *not* be viewed as springing from a sudden concern for property rights. The university has never shown this concern, and still does not, as witness the free use of the campus by the street people and the New Left, both of which groups daily bathe in the Plaza fountain, wash their feet in the Student Union commodes, sleep on the carpeted floor of the Student Union lounge, eat surplus food left on cafeteria tables (much as do the campus dogs), and make love on the well tended Berkeley lawns (also like the stray mutts). In the past few years, in fact, legitimate students at Berkeley have come to fear to use those facilities for which they pay fees to support, especially after dark. ("Hey, man," it used to be, "got any spare change?" Now it's "Gimme some money." This can be less than pleasant, especially

(Continues on page 1025)

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NEW YORK

Blame It on the Mayor

AUBERON WAUGH

So America exists after all. After two false starts, turning back in mid-Atlantic with engine failure, my airplane landed at Kennedy Airport and my original thesis collapsed, that America was no more than a mirage in the European desert, a figment of some wishful dream resulting from the ideological and moral indigestion which all good conservatives suffer in Harold Wilson's England. Didn't I think that New York was awful, asked my taxi driver, before we had even left the airport. He launched into the first of many speeches I was to hear on the garbage problem. It was all Mayor Lindsay's fault. Everything he touched turned to garbage. The taxi driver's wife could never leave their apartment without having her womanhood insulted, her chastity threatened by an empty beer can, a cardboard container or an old copy of the *New York Times* wrapped around something damp and indescribably horrible in the street—all left there by Mayor Lindsay.

At the Algonquin Hotel, the terror of Lindsay receded. A huge Negro barman who served me in a kindly, reassuring way, seemed to have few problems. Perhaps the whole Negro problem was something invented by left-wing journalists in order to discredit the greatest city in the greatest country on earth. Plainly, I would have to discover for myself, but the first attempt at sightseeing was not a success. I set off from my hotel and walked a few hundred yards at random —cowering away from open doorways, in case any dope-crazed Lindsays lurked there with knives and guns—before climbing into a taxi.

"Could you please take me to Times Square?" I asked.

"What?"

"I think there is somewhere called Times Square, which I should rather like to visit," I said timidly.

"All right, Times Square. So what?" said the taxi driver.

"Could you please be so kind as to take me there," I said.

"So you're in Times Square. What do you expect me to do about it?" So I climbed out of the taxi again.

After that incident I was unable to concentrate much on the splendors of Times Square. It will remain one of those things, like Expo 67 and the Sydney Opera House, which I have never visited and don't want to visit. Later, I returned there on a guided bus tour and was informed with much relish by our beautiful guide (who was called Karen and lived in Greenwich Village) how many thousands or millions of dollars it cost, but I hid my face in my hands in case the taxi driver was still around and recognized me.

Karen gave me my first taste of a quality which must surely be peculiar to American girls—and here I must dutifully slip in the parenthesis that I can't let my eye rest on one for a second without swooning—that they genuinely, unaffectedly love their customers. American Airlines hostesses do the same thing (and no doubt all the other airlines' hostesses as well). They thank you with tears in their eyes for having chosen American Airlines. Their greatest and only wish in the world is that you should be comfortable on your trip. When you leave, they are proud and radiant in the knowledge that you have been happy. A susceptible European visitor like myself finds these encounters almost unbearably poignant. I cry a little as I shake their tiny hands, assuring them that never in my life have I experienced such transcendent happiness.

Karen took us to a Chinese temple behind a souvenir shop where we sat in respectful silence for twenty minutes, and then to the Bowery where she showed us the poor. "These are perfectly normal American citizens who have no ambition," she said. "Many of them were stockbrokers and top corporation lawyers until they lost their ambition. In the winter, we take them in charge. In the summer, they will earn a few dimes cleaning your car window, and drink it off in the sun." One could only wonder at the delightful self-confidence of a culture which can put its dropouts to use as a tourist attraction.

Next Karen took us to the United Nations building, where we were shown the Hammarskjold Memorial Sculpture, and stood silent for a few minutes to respect the memory of that very wonderful man. It was at this point, I am sorry to say, that my *sang froid* gave out. One thought of African totem poles and Indian rain goddesses, but surely nowhere in history have a civilized people raised such a deliriously silly monument—nor one which was so cruelly appropriate to its subject. Honking like a wild goose, I ran away from under Karen's baleful eyes and took a taxi home.

After four days in New York, I was delighted to be accepted by all my New York friends as an expert on the City's problems. After all, I had completed three-quarters of a guided bus tour of the City. Was it my considered opinion, they asked me, in the light of my observation, that New York could survive? Of course New York will survive, I reassured them. But the imagination could never escape from contemplating what a wonderful spectacle it would make if the City fell down.

Like everything else in America, New York is on a larger scale, of course. It is a creature of the nuclear age, whose justification must surely be in some particularly spectacular firework display of the future. But I have no doubt that New Yorkers will take the holocaust in their stride, blaming it quite rightly on the Mayor. The most vivid memory which I took from New York on my tour of other parts of America was of commuters on a train to Stamford, Connecticut. Two of the train's windows had been shattered, and at any time it seemed that a brick, a bullet or a bottle of Coca-Cola might testify to some abstruse point of socio-economic theory held by a total stranger. Soon they would be home; meanwhile, the dangers attendant on a train journey were just another feature of the New York way of life. Let Lindsay do his worst. It will need more than a single limousine liberal to quench the spirit, the resilience and the enduring vitality of New Yorkers. □

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A DEATH-DEFYING ACT

The Case for Heterosexuality

WILL HERBERG

IT MAY SEEM strange that, in a society such as ours, it should be necessary to make a special case on behalf of normal sexuality. But however much we, as Americans, may cherish our institutions and traditions, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that contemporary America displays some of the most ominous aspects of mid-twentieth century Western decadence: mass democracy, cultural desiccation, domestic laxity and a rapidly growing tolerance, among certain sections of the sophisticated upper and middle classes, of every sort of pornography and perversity. I am far from imagining that anything I may say or write on the subject can have the slightest effect in reversing these deplorable tendencies. But, when so trendy a writer as Gore Vidal can profess himself indifferent on such matters as the proper direction of human sexuality—"I do not prefer homosexuality to heterosexuality or, for that matter, heterosexuality to homosexuality," he is reported as saying (*Time*, August 22, 1969)—it is surely time to speak a word in defense of the formative values of our civilization, especially at a time when the very idea of enduring values beyond our desires and manipulation is being eroded among significant elements of society. In these paragraphs, I should like to restate the underlying argument leading us to brand homosexuality as a perversion in the individual and as a source of corruption in society. Considering the vogue of homosexuality on the contemporary stage and in the best-selling novels of our time, the restatement of the case for heterosexuality may not be altogether out of place.

The evaluation of homosexuality in the individual and society may be made on three different levels, each set of conclusions reinforcing the other.

The first voice to be heard is that of the Bible, which ought to carry some authority even for the most "liberal" Christian. I am not here speaking of the punitive legislation against homosexuality that runs through the Old Testament. I have in mind the fundamental theo-ontological perspective in which biblical man sees the divine order of creation and man within it. In characteristic Hebraic fashion, this biblical ontology is historiform, in the form of a recital. The Creator brings man into being. But man cannot live his life in self-encapsulated isolation. "It is not good for man to be alone" (Gen. 2:18). So all the animal creation is brought before him for him to "name" and find a "helpmeet," a partner fit for him. But no animal will do; nowhere among the animal creation can man find a partner to complete his being. And so the Creator brings forth woman; now, at last, man finds his completion. "Therefore," we are told, "shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall become one flesh" (Gen. 1:27-28; 2:18-24).

Man-woman relations in sexuality are seen as the paradigm of human relations in intimacy and community. That is why the Hebrew word "to know" (*yada*) comes to serve as the word expressing sexual intercourse—"And he went in unto her, and knew her, and she conceived . . ." in the English Hebraism. Sexuality, heterosexuality, is the underlying structure of created humanness.

Thus is set the normative pattern of human life. And, in terms of this normative pattern, the homosexual must be considered abnormal, aberrant. I do not want to heap abuse upon the homosexual, who is often more to be pitied than blamed, or to reproach him for his aberrancy. But it remains true that, by the very fact that he is homosexual, he is a deviant, he is "sick," he is pathological.

If biblical anthropology sees heterosexuality, and therefore marriage, as the divine order of creation, biblical sociology (if one may use this term) sees the family as the cornerstone of the social order thus defined. The family, in the biblical view, is the cornerstone of the covenant-community, and of the larger society as well. It, too, is in the order of creation, which has no proper place for the homosexual because he cannot find his place in normal marriage or help establish a normal family.

The natural law doctrine can be seen as the Greek-philosophical restatement of the biblical teaching on the order of creation. As a determinate being, man has his specific nature, with its natural proclivitities, which, when actualized, make for the perfection of his being. What we would now call a phenomenological scrutiny of his specific nature makes it clear that heterosexuality, with its drive for sexual union, is embedded deep in that nature; and that the family, built up by heterosexual union in marriage (that is, socially recognized and lasting male-female cohabitation), is the foundation of society, which also is natural to man, "by nature," as Aristotle points out. This is so not merely because the family, in some sense, is obviously necessary to replenish the human race in society, though that is surely not without its importance. This is so because the family is so obviously the basic cell of society, bringing to society its unshakable solidity, stability and substance.

Nature is here used in the classical sense as referring to the normative structure of being, as that by virtue of which a thing is the *kind* of thing it is, and not something else; it is not used in the modern sense, as a synonym for the totality of everything that is. It is, therefore, no objection to say that there are men who are, in fact, homosexual. By genetic accident or behavioral conditioning, a dog may come to dote on spinach; that does not make dogs any the less carnivorous by nature.

IT IS NOW time to take notice of the argument that has time and again been raised by homosexuals or the champions of homosexuality, and that is that, after all, were not the Greeks given to homosexuality? This is, at best, a serious misunderstanding.

Brigid Brophy, in an otherwise rather favorable review of Gore Vidal's *Reflections upon a Sinking Ship* (the *Listener*, London, July 24, 1969), reproaches Mr. Vidal on this head. I quote:

> What was morally desirable in a clean-limbed Spartan army officer is now punished in Leicester Square," Mr. Vidal says, promoting the myth (which reading Plato shatters) of sunny, sex-anxiety-free Greece. The Spartan reality seems

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to be that homosexual *sentiments* between males were virtually compulsory, but that homosexual *acts* were punishable by death [my emphasis.—W.H.].

And W. K. Lacey, in a scholarly study, *The Family in Ancient Greece* (Cornell, 1968), concludes:

> . . . while the Greeks had a deep admiration for the physical beauty of the young male, in Athens the practice of sodomy was strictly circumscribed by law. Boys at school were protected against sexual assaults by a law (said to go back to Dracon and Solon), and we hear about strict regulations about schools with this in mind . . . Plato's attack on sodomy, especially in the *Laws*, reveals that . . . the practice was more repugnant to his ideals than heterosexual intercourse outside marriage, since this latter (if secret) was tolerated in the *Laws* as a second-best to the ideal of virginity till marriage . . . [In Athens,] adult citizens (those enrolled on the deme-registers) who were catamites, or had been catamites as adults, suffered diminution of civic rights. . . . [pp. 157-158]

The fact of the matter appears to be that, while the Greeks seem to have seen some positive values in homosexual *sentiments,* as touching the young male, aesthetically, educationally and militarily (the "buddy" system, linking the young ephebe to an older veteran for training and emulation), they, too, regarded homosexuality beyond that, and especially homosexual *acts*, as distinctly reprehensible, to be visited with a variety of sanctions, in Sparta, including even death.

PERHAPS the most telling witness in the case against homosexuality is Sigmund Freud, whose name has so often been invoked to justify every kind of licentiousness and permissiveness. Freud made quite clear his position on this and related matters in an emphatic statement in his *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis*:

> It is a characteristic common to all perversions [he declares] that, in them, reproduction as an aim is put aside. This is actually the criterion by which we judge whether a sexual activity is perverse—if it departs from reproduction in its aims, and pursues the attainment of gratification independently. You will understand, therefore, that the gulf and turning-point in the development of the sexual life is at the point of its subordination to the purposes of reproduction. Everything that occurs before this conversion takes place, or refuses to conform to it and pursues the pursuit of gratification alone, is called by the unhonored title of "perversion," and as such is despised. [2nd. ed., London, 1952, p. 266]

This goes much further than a mere condemnation of homosexuality, but it certainly brands homosexuality with the "unhonored title of 'perversion'" and "as such [to be] despised."

Freud, too, sees the psychosexual development as the paradigm of the development of character and personality. And one may easily imagine how the homosexual perversion operates to distort, and twist, and pervert the homosexual's whole being. There are homosexual components in all men; the question is which will come to dominate and form the whole; normal genital heterosexuality or perverse homosexuality.

It is noteworthy, finally, how close Freud's line of thinking is to the natural law argument with its emphasis on nature, normality and normativity. This side of Freud's thought has not yet been adequately explored, but there is already enough to indicate what illuminating insights, both philosophical and psychological, may be expected from that direction.

The Bible, natural law and Freud: all converge upon the position that affirms the unshakable normativity of heterosexual sexuality, and insists, despite all contemporary evasions and tolerances, upon the abnormativity of homosexuality as sickness, as sin, vice (*contra naturam*), and perversion respectively, in their respective contexts.

A few closing remarks would seem to be in place. We ought, in the first place, recognize the wisdom of Plato's distinction between what we would now call premarital sexuality of the heterosexual kind and homosexuality. One is normal in structure, though irregular; the other is abnormal and perverse. The two are most emphatically not on the same plane. A mark of the degeneracy that afflicts us is that so much of our alleged sex humor is not healthy sexual—that is, heterosexual—ribaldry but the sick pornography of perversion.

In the second place, granted that

(Continues on page 1023)

"It would make a good TV script, but heterosexuality is as yet a bit too touchy a subject for our underground audience."

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Not Conor Cruise O'Brien

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE most poignant comment on what has happened in Northern Ireland came from Mr. Ivan Cooper, a member of the Ulster Parliament and a civil rights leader. He was found by a reporter, sitting beside the road, his face bandaged and his eyes streaming from the effects of tear gas, while the battle surged around him. "If I'd known it would end up like this," he said, "I would never have started the civil rights movement."

How often, throughout history, have well-meaning people gazed appalled at the devastation which they helped to unleash, and echoed that cry.

The Irish are unique, of course. They attract trouble like iron filings to a magnet. But, beneath the peculiarities of their situation, lies a pattern familiar enough elsewhere. The divisions in Ireland are ostensibly religious, not racial, but the basic problem is still the plight of one group which is oppressed, or frightened of being oppressed, by another. The position there shows very clearly how artificial the concepts of "majority rule" and "self-determination" tend to be, and how useless they are as a formula for producing just solutions. If Ireland were not partitioned, the Catholics would rule the entire country. Because of partition, the Protestants rule Ulster. If the Bogside area of Londonderry became independent, the Catholics would rule Bogside. So who is, and who isn't, entitled to self-determination?

Most Englishmen have long forgotten about the once traumatic "Irish question." But the Irish themselves forget nothing. All the bitter memories, the historic hatreds, the aggressive follies, were still there, needing only a spark to make them boil over.

Irish politicians on both sides of the frontier poured oil on the flames. But where did the spark come from? This is a question which has to be looked at, and answered, in a wider context.

Start with another question. What has a dispute between Northern Irish Catholics and Northern Irish Protestants to do with the Students for a Democratic Society, and the American Young Socialist Movement, and the Peace and Freedom Party (which supported the Black Panthers), and a man who has worked as a political activist among San Francisco longshoremen and Mexican farm hands in California?

They were all involved in Bernadette Devlin's fund-raising tour of America. If the Irish dispute were really a religious one, their interest would be very hard to explain. But it isn't. Religion in Northern Ireland is merely the defining mark of the opposed groups, the majority and the minority, just as in other countries it is color or race.

The Catholics in Northern Ireland have genuine grievances, and the Protestants have genuine fears, just as in other countries racial groups have genuine grievances and fears. And just as, elsewhere, racial disputes are exploited and worsened by revolutionaries whose true commitment is to a cause quite other than that of the groups concerned, so Ireland's religious differences are being used by professional troublemakers who are more likely to be atheists than Catholics.

ENOCH POWELL, the only British politician these days whose speeches are always worth listening to, went unerringly to the point. Out of all the wordage about Northern Ireland, he said, one small, little-noted item deserved pondering. It reported the jailing for six months, at Londonderry, of two students—one French, the other German—for throwing petrol bombs at the police.

Why were they there, he asked. And he went on: "The thing which has happened in Ulster these last two or three weeks has little kinship with the Irish troubles of the 1920s and before. It has great kinship with what has been happening in the universities and cities of the United States, with what happened in Paris last year, with what happened in Berlin the year before—and in London too we have seen a glimpse of its face for a moment now and again."

A new technique had been developed, he said, a method of getting large results with disproportionately small effort. "The technique is as follows: Into a normal situation inject a new element of purposeless violence and aggression; quite a little violence will do for a start, and quite few individuals are sufficient to begin with. Suddenly news exists where there was none before—pictures, action, reports. As the violence was purposeless, everyone is bound to set to work at once on discovering its purpose. Grievances are found to exist, which therefore ought by definition to have been removed before.

"In an instant, with the speed of an explosion, the roles are reversed; the blame for the violence is discovered to lie with authority; government, law, society itself are put in the dock by the criminal; the simple facts of the violent aggression become proof that those attacked are guilty. . . .

"This sort of stuff is irresistibly tempting to the liberals and reformers, who are soon heard condemning what they call 'repression,' condoning violence and all but calling for more of it. What an extraordinary result—so much from so little. A simple technique, simplicity itself; yet it has all but destroyed governments and states in Asia, in Europe and in America."

Meanwhile, British troops, veterans of riot control in Hong Kong and Aden, are now doing the same job in the streets of Belfast and Londonderry.

As though in deliberate parody of the reports from Czechoslovakia in Western newspapers, Soviet newspapers have headlined their stories about Northern Ireland: "Under the Boot of the Occupiers," "The Patriots Resist the Puppet Authorities," "The People Demand: Occupation Troops Out." In fact, however, the intervention of British troops was, and still is, popular; but we know from painful experience that such a honeymoon period is apt not to last. And damping the fires down, sobering everybody up, isn't going to be easy.

Irish tragedies always have a touch of farce, though. The idea of a United Nations' peacekeeping force may be taken seriously in Dublin, but in London it seems irresistibly comic. Perhaps the blue-helmeted troops could be Congolese. But not, please not, commanded by Conor Cruise O'Brien. □

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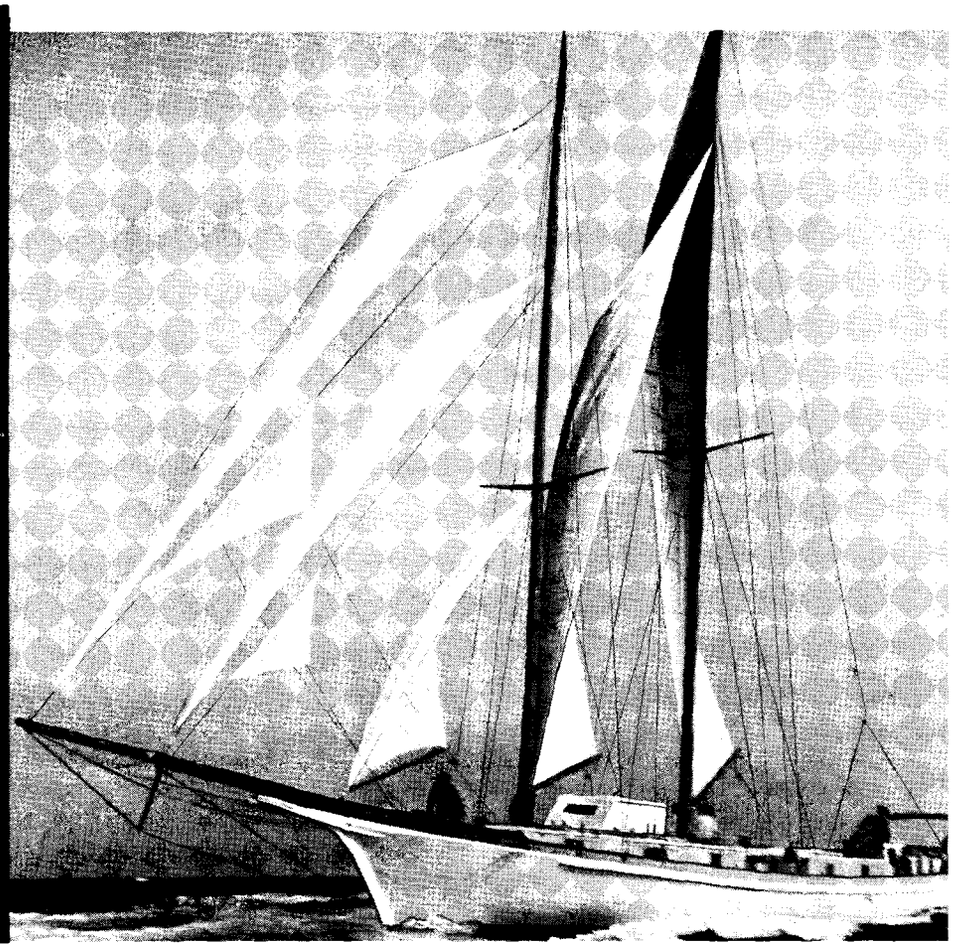

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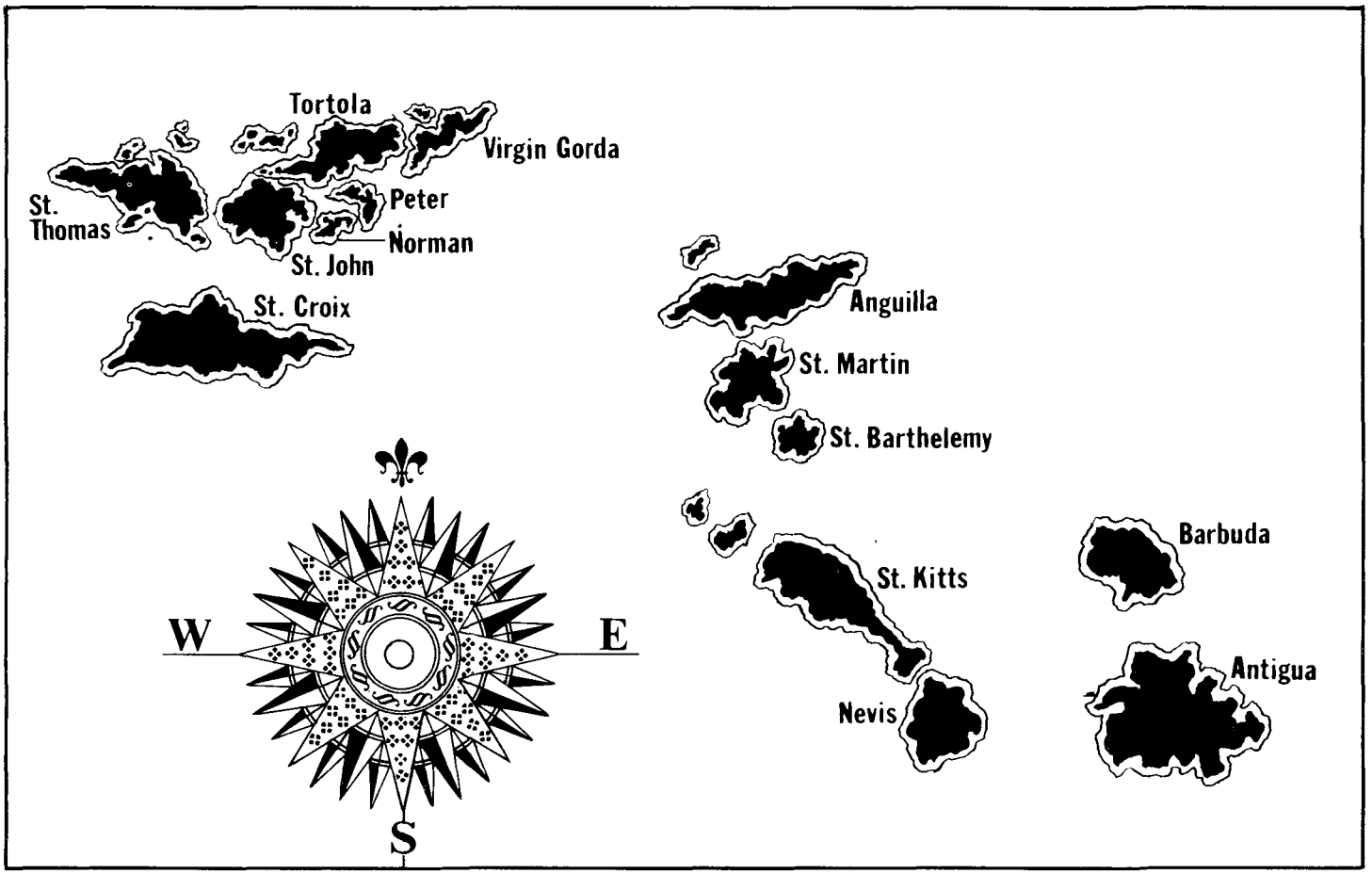

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A week's cruise allows you to visit all the interesting harbors and cays of the American and British Virgin Islands, with the exception of St. Croix. If St. Croix is visited, then many of the other islands will have to be eliminated from the itinerary. We normally start from Yacht Haven, St. Thomas.

The usual routine allows a morning and an afternoon sail, with a lunch-time anchorage. There's ample time for snorkelling, swimming, sailing the sailboard, exploring ashore. Many of the stops feature an interesting little inn, often owned by former business executives who have fled the "rat race" and gone native. These spots are always interesting to visit for cocktails, and sometimes a dinner ashore as well. Other stops offer a deserted beach, a beautiful reef, and the ever-present sound of the turtle doves in the trees.

Some of the more interesting stops are Great Harbor at Jost Van Dyke Island; Little Thatch Island; Road Town, Tortola (some good shopping here); Peter Island; Norman Island (this island provided the inspiration for Robert Louis Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND. Its caves are well worth exploring.) Virgin Gorda with its famous baths; Gorda Sound, with its beautiful anchorages at Mosquito Island and Prickly Pear Island; Marina Cay; Trellis Bay; and of course the numerous fine harbors along the shore of St. John. There's an underwater park at Trunk Bay, complete with underwater signs identifying various coral formations and types of fish.

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Mass Infantilism, Anyone?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

ONE OF THE MORE dubious strengths of NATIONAL REVIEW —*pace* its typical critics—is its hospitality to almost any viewpoint, provided only it is well expressed and couched in terms consonant with a civilized and humane disposition toward mankind. The hard Left will never find utterance in our pages, but largely because its much-touted "compassion" lacks those essential dimensions of civility and true humanity.

But let somebody approach this amiable old horse, NATIONAL REVIEW, on its blind side, and literally anything goes. The latest to demonstrate this axiom is a quiet, ordinarily sensible, not particularly conservative but eminently congenial young member of our editorial staff named Philip P. Ardery, who in the issue of September 9 undertook to celebrate the recent rock-music festival in Bethel, New York. Keeping his voice low (it is always low), Mr. Ardery has smuggled into the pages of America's leading journal of conservative opinion a commentary upon that event which, for sheer thumb-sucking inanity, takes the all-time, free-style prize.

Let me, to be entirely fair, declare my colors. I do not especially like rock music. But the real issue is not the merits of rock; it is what happened at Bethel. And what happened is that between 300,000 and 500,000 young people, at the invitation of a group of shadowy "promoters" and one local landowner, descended upon the rolling countryside of southwestern New York and inexcusably camped there for three days, all over the defenseless property of people who (in many cases) had not invited them, did not want them and were heartily glad when they left. You may be quite certain that the physical necessities of this swarm of smiling locusts were met by whatever means came to hand. We have it on Mr. Ardery's own authority that it "took over [the locals'] roads, parked its cars on their lawns, pitched its tents in their fields, rustled their crops, stole their fenceposts for firewood, used their creeks as garbage dumps and latrines" and publicly violated just about all the state and local laws concerning drugs, to mention only one item. The *New York Times* quoted official estimates that it would take two solid weeks to bring order out of the circumambient chaos.

Insofar as he undertakes to defend this performance at all, rather than simply moon over it, Mr. Ardery's case goes as follows:

1) The Left was against it (because it wasn't purposive, politicalized). The answer to this is simply, "So what?" Are we to apply the rule that "The enemy of my enemy is my friend" indiscriminately, in all cases whatsoever? If it were established—as it surely could be—that the Left is against hunger, would we automatically come out in favor of it?

2) "It was not planned that way." Neither, probably, was the Black Hole of Calcutta. Neither, for the most part on either side, were the riots at the Democratic convention in Chicago. Once again, "So what?"

3) The crisis brought on by the ghastly overcrowding induced comparatively gentle behavior on the part of the music-lovers, and a matching response on the part of the local residents. Let us by all means concede the importance of the gentleness evoked, on both sides, by this appalling event. In the face of any true emergency, those in peril (be it peril of life or only peril of discomfort) will instinctively suppress all conflicting impulses in order to seek aid—and those on the sidelines will, for reasons often equally instinctive, do what they can to help. But such phenomena, while heartwarming, can no more justify the Bethel event itself than the courage and self-sacrifice displayed justified the sinking of the *Titanic*.

THE TRUTH is that what we saw at Bethel was just the biggest expression to date of a phenomenon newly brought into being by America's rapid population growth, coupled with widespread affluence. The phenomenon is best described as "mass infantilism," for it is precisely that: the impulsive, simplistic drives of children, acted out on a far larger scale (and in many cases, I might add, by far older people) than we have ever seen before.

The young have always had, and probably will always have, a natural hankering for a less demanding, more accommodating world—a world in which the charms of irresponsibility are not so harshly penalized.

What has happened recently is that the absolute number of such young people (including a good many semipermanent "children" with impressive beards) has reached a critical mass at which these inchoate universal yearnings can be organized, up to certain low levels, and euphoniously articulated (if nobody very critical happens to be listening). The process has been aided very substantially indeed by the high level of prosperity reached in the American society. These youngsters have the time (either they are not working at all, or not working very hard); they have the money; they have the transportation. They have, in short, everything it takes to indulge themselves in one vast paroxysm of mass infantilism—leaving it to the squares, of course, to feed them when they hunger, and doctor them when they bleed, and nurse them back from "bad trips," and clean up after them when they're gone.

And they have one other thing, too, not quite so childlike: the quiet, smiling grace of the passive aggressor. No doubt Mr. Ardery is right when he protests that the *size* of the Bethel festival "wasn't planned." But you can be sure the confrontation was: the calculated affronting of square, stupid, old middle-class America with new and dubious values in far more than just music.

That is why there is a part of me that would cheerfully have salted a few of those tender young behinds with birdshot, if I had owned a farm in Sullivan County. But the rest of me is proud of the good burghers who chose, instead, to sweat it out gamely till they were gone, and then to pick up the threads of their own disregarded lives and go on with the serious business of living. Let's hope that next day, at the Bethel Post Office, there were some letters from sons and husbands in Vietnam that made it all seem worthwhile. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

TORY MEN AND WHIG MEASURES

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

If various columnists are to be believed, President Nixon has lately been taking for his model Benjamin Disraeli. Now if it were in foreign policy that he was seeking to learn from that great imperialist, it might be most encouraging. But the news from Vietnam (as we seem to be trying in every possible way to find a tolerable method of withdrawing from that confrontation with Communism) would hardly seem to indicate that any lessons are being learned from the man who made Victoria Empress of India.

No, the Disraeli who is looked to for a model would seem to be the domestic Disraeli who "dished the Whigs" by carrying through a Reform Bill in 1867 that went a great deal farther than anything the liberal opposition could at that point have gotten away with. The Disraelian policy that would seem to be recommending itself to the President is not the policy of national pride and a shouldering of imperial responsibilities, but the domestic policy summarized in the phrase "Tory men and Whig measures." This, at least, is the conclusion one is forced to draw from consideration of the welfare program recently proposed by Mr. Nixon.

PROPOUNDED IN the setting of an impeccable conservative rhetoric, that program, when carefully examined, is a program for the institutionalization of parasitism going far beyond anything ever put forward by a liberal Administration. The *New Republic* grasped the significance of the proposals at once. "It must have been quite a scene," they wrote, "the Camp David Cabinet meeting at which President Nixon informed the Neanderthal men that he had accepted and would assert creeping socialism, the principle of the Federal Government guaranteeing a minimum income to all disadvantaged Americans." And they went on to point out, with commendable realism, that $4 billion extra government expenditure even as a beginning would fall far short of the cost of the program, that before it was finished it might well, as Professor Tobin has suggested, reach "$20 to $30 billion as the price tag of an adequate welfare plan that includes reasonable incentives for those who can work to earn more money than the state provides."

There is no doubt that the program would cost much more than the President estimated. Henry Hazlitt considers that the first year might even cost $10 billion, and our experience with Medicare and Medicaid would seem to indicate that he may well be right. Whatever the cost, however, it seems fairly clear that it would be substantial; nor is that substantial cost simply to be regarded abstractly as a figure in the budget. It should always be remembered that every dollar spent to raise the standard of living of one family is, through the power of the state, a dollar taken by the force of taxation to reduce the standard of living of another, a producing family. Arguments can be adduced to justify such action when it is a matter of preventing starvation; there is serious doubt, however, whether such state-backed confiscation is legitimate when the aim is no longer to maintain human beings at subsistence, but rather to raise them to a standard of living that some government bureaucrat regards as "desirable."

These considerations particularly impressed me when I analyzed that part of Mr. Nixon's proposals which indicates that the alternative to welfare would be a "suitable" job. It is here, it seems to me, that the fundamental weakness of the entire welfare system, both as it now stands and as Mr. Nixon proposes to transform it, is displayed. Every previous generation of the poor has worked itself out of poverty and laid the foundation for further advances for its children by taking any job that would hold body and soul together. Why should this generation be entitled to anything more at the expense of the producers? Why should welfare be paid to anyone offered a job, whatever its character?

Even if the army of social workers and bureaucrats who would administer the program could be counted upon to do anything serious about forcing people off welfare into productive activity, the concept of the "suitable" job insures from the outset that there will be no serious reduction in the swollen relief rolls. Indeed, the whole program, despite the rhetoric of work in which Mr. Nixon clothed it, cuts sharply in the opposite direction. It would make welfare widespread and respectable by doubling the number of persons receiving it; by eliminating any means test or supervision; by guaranteeing the federal portion of welfare unconditionally as a right; by essentially accepting the concept of a guaranteed annual income.

ONCE STARTED, such a system could never be reversed. It would immediately add twelve million recipients of a federal dole, transform the present ten million welfare recipients into federal pensioners, and create a bloc of 22 million, powerful enough not only to make meaningless any restriction upon the receipt of the dole, but also steadily to raise their dole and intensify their parasitism upon the producing population.

The Nixon welfare program is a program for progressive pauperization of an increasing section of the American people. It was just such pauperization that was one of the outstanding causes and symptoms of the decay of Rome. For "bread and circuses," substitute a federal dole and a television set in every welfare home. Historical parallels are never exact, and perhaps other factors in the situation may lead to other results. But still the parallel is too close for comfort. We can but hope that neither Mr. Nixon's program nor anything like it will ever be enacted into law. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

ACCREDIT THYSELF, ACCREDITOR

FROM THE ACADEMY

How are the mighty accreditors of colleges fallen! Marjorie Webster Junior College, in the District of Columbia, has beaten the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools—in Federal District Court. Even though Webster is a private proprietary college, the Court decided, the Middle States Association must permit Webster to apply for accreditation, quite as if it were an endowed "non-profit" college.

The big accrediting agencies, you must understand—Middle States, North Central Association, and the other four—have long possessed the arbitrary power to accredit, ignore or discredit schools and institutions of higher learning. This authority might make or break a college or school; and sometimes it was exercised with little justice and less imagination—the accrediting associations being dominated ordinarily, during the past two decades, by deans and professors of education, rather a dogmatic crew.

One invariable rule of the accrediting associations, for a long while, has been that proprietary institutions, hopeful of making a profit for their proprietors, must not be accredited: they are a lesser breed without the law. The associations rejected all applications for accreditation from such establishments as Marjorie Webster Junior (founded in 1920, and since 1946 licensed by the District's Board of Education). In consequence, proprietary colleges and schools have found it increasingly difficult to attract students—and impossible to obtain federal grants and scholarships and the like, because the Federal Government has extended its benefactions to accredited institutions only.

THIS LAST FACT turned out to be the Middle States Association's undoing in Federal District Court. The Webster family, proprietors of Webster Junior, contended that the Middle States Association operates, in its accrediting function, as a combination in restraint of trade; and Judge John Lewis Smith Jr. held for the plaintiff.

Middle States, said Judge Smith, is engaged in a quasigovernmental function nowadays—and is subject to judicial restraints upon public bodies. "Accreditation has become, fundamentally speaking, a service aspect to the Federal Government in determining eligibility for funding." Middle States Association must now accept Webster's application to be inspected for accreditation; and presumably if Middle States does not exercise due process in that evaluation of Webster, once more Middle States might be haled before a court. Webster Junior actually being a good college of its sort, certainly superior to many already accredited community colleges supported by public funds, I will be much surprised if this family enterprise is not soon formally accredited—humiliating though such a surrender must be to the powers of Middle States.

The effects of this court decision will be several and far-reaching. First, the power of the accrediting associations may be broken. If any school or college can appeal to the courts against rejection by an accrediting agency—why, the accreditors will think thrice before they deny the application of any college or school except those clearly inferior or fraudulent.

Second, the proliferation of proprietary schools and colleges will be encouraged; and those institutions will compete vigorously, in not a few places, with endowed or publicly financed institutions. "Educational excellence is determined," said Judge Smith, "not by the method of financing, but by the quality of the program." The "non-profit" educational foundations may find it necessary to prove their efficiency and alleged advantages. The tendency toward monopoly of education by publicly financed institutions may be checked somewhat.

Third, the collapse of ironbound regulations governing accreditation may stimulate experiment and diversity in educational methods. Conceivably the "non-profit" institutions may be compelled to re-examine tenure policies, for instance, that have created a log-jam of academic deadwood even at reputable colleges and universities—if they encounter real competition from proprietary institutions.

Fourth, the widespread dissatisfaction of both radical students and conservative parents with dullness, inefficiency and bureaucracy of many long-accredited institutions just possibly may be relieved by the spreading of innovating and well-managed proprietary colleges and schools, giving educational value for payment received.

FREE ENTERPRISE in education was endorsed, in the Webster case, by an interesting series of witnesses on behalf of Webster Junior—among them Professor Milton Friedman, the economist; Dr. John Howard, president of Rockford College; Dr. John H. Fischer, president of Teachers College, Columbia; Dr. Christopher Jencks of the Center for Educational Policy Research at Harvard; Dr. Frank Dickey, executive director of the National Commission on Accrediting. It is no sin, and no evidence of inferiority, these witnesses said in effect, to subsist by selling educational services.

Indeed, it has been surprising that for decades, despite American lip-service to competition and private enterprise, the accrediting associations could treat proprietary educational institutions as if they bore the Mark of the Beast.

It is well that some fortunate colleges and schools should possess large endowments. But also it is well that the proprietary institutions should survive and prosper, as challenges to educational dullness and complacency. And it is very well that a set of dull dogs calling themselves accreditors have been discredited. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

MOTHER RUSSIA IN NEW YORK STATE

SOME TWELVE YEARS AGO, my husband and I spent a week in Cooperstown in upstate New York. It is an extremely pretty nineteenth-century, romantic village dedicated to the memory of Fenimore Cooper, the Baseball Hall of Fame and the splendid museums of the New York State Historical Association. One of these is a Farmer's Village of the early nineteenth century, before mechanization started to change agriculture, and the other a mansion filled with dazzling collections of American primitive art, from Hicks' Peaceable Kingdom to graveside pictures, weather vanes and the like, all of true museum quality. I highly recommend it.

One day, we were driving in a mindless manner on the country roads north of Cooperstown, around eleven in the morning, when lo and behold, we saw, or thought we saw, two tall figures, with waist-long beards and pectoral crosses, long black robes and tall black hats, each with a staff in hand. Well, we drove on and lo and behold again, golden onion domes rose in a field before us and we were in front of an honest to God Russian church, some of the scaffolding still up, with bearded ancients working on it. We had landed at the Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Monastery in Jordanville, New York, and we never forgot the place.

I went back to Jordanville several weeks ago with my son and his wife, and I am happy to report that Russian Orthodoxy is very much alive and doing well. The church is all finished now, with any number of big and small golden onion domes. Inside, every inch of every surface is painted in the true Russian traditional manner, in an iconographic style that stems from Byzantium. The Holy Icons and the Holy Relics are beautifully cased; they are displayed on stands so that the faithful can kiss them with ease. This they do; as we were in the church, several old women, straight from Tolstoy's countryside, worshiped as they must have worshiped in old Russia, bowing and crossing themselves from right to left, orthodox style. It was very moving indeed. As I said, all of this stands in the middle of nowhere, like a mirage in a pastoral landscape. There are lush flower gardens, and extremely neat truck gardens, where all the people who live on the place work to grow their food, mostly potatoes, bread, vegetables and fruit, with fish and eggs and milk products a treat for feast days. The cash income comes from milk and from the print shop, which, I learned somewhere else, is a famous one in Russian theological circles. Now the place owns some eight hundred acres, yet in 1930, two young Russian immigrants put down $25 on a piece of land and started living the monastic life. There were vicissitudes and growing pains, but today Holy Trinity has grown into the largest monastery and printing press of the Russian Orthodox Church abroad.

OF COURSE one can't help being pleased with all of this, but this is not what impressed us most. The true, the unforgettable memory of Holy Trinity is the peace, the spirituality and the purity of the ambiance. I should think that medieval or earlier monasteries, or the monasteries of the cloistered would make one feel this way, away from the intrigues of the world, with no political axes to grind or power to seek. The people we met deepened this impression. Everybody works, and it is somewhat startling to see a long-locked, bearded ancient driving an enormous tractor, or a serene painter, his long hair neatly tied and tucked under his robe, painting lovely icons for other Russian churches. This was Father Alypy, who, with Father Cyprian, visiting in Jerusalem when we were in Jordanville, had painted the church single-handedly. They both are excellent painters, and we were fascinated to see how they had developed individual styles though strictly following the rules of Russian religious painting.

The church was being cleaned by a lay brother, tall, Slavic-looking (he came of Russian parents), wild hair and beard and a charming gentle manner, who showed us the church. He had gone to Columbia, and then to medical school, and now he was here and very happy. He said the Archimandrite Konstantin would be the person for me to meet. This venerable monk, snow white of hair and beard, and bent small by great old age, had not lost the sparkle of his very blue, very sharp eyes. He made an enormous impression on all of us, as he told us that the sole purpose of Holy Trinity is to keep the flame of pure Orthodoxy alive, a church in the catacombs. Some forty students are trained in the seminary, and go out as pastors or lay workers, and some become monks. His only regret was that the place could not afford to be cloistered yet. His own life was extraordinary too. From St. Petersburg, he had gone to Paris as a university professor of law, and from there, to the university at Harbin in Mongolia. There his wife died, and he went to Peking and became a monk. Then on to Shanghai, and finally here to Jordanville. We spoke French and his was the exquisite, literary French of the elegant Paris salons. When he blessed us, we were very grateful.

Our last view of Jordanville Holy Trinity was from the top of the hill where many Russian Orthodox from around the world are buried in a garden of a cemetery. A new chapel was being built among the three-bar crosses of Russian orthodoxy, whereon the foot board, as in Roman times, is slanted up on the right for the thief who repented and down on the left for the one who was damned.

There is a guest house at Holy Trinity, and all I want is to go back for the feast days, to hear the monks sing in the cathedral, hidden behind the golden screens that hide the altar. □

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UNA VOLTE, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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The Last of the Masters

GUY DAVENPORT

There died on August 27 one of the greatest of English novelists. Dame Ivy Compton-Burnett commanded the rapt attention of fewer readers than any other major novelist, a fact that could not have ruffled her composure in the least, for her opinion of human nature was of a blackness black. The few photographs of her which exist show an elderly lady seemingly cast in iron. The grim patience of her face reflects both the severity of her art and the ruthlessness with which she faced unalarmed the bitterness of human depravity. She wrote her novels in longhand on Victorian cream laid paper, uncompromised by any invention later than the steel-nib pen, and publishers had to accept them in that unrelenting condition. Her coiffure was that of a Spartan matron; her dresses surely came from the needle of a Mennonite. There is a photograph of her by Roland Haupt in which she is sitting with the correctness of a Japanese field marshal, her hands folded in her lap, the very image of a martyr awaiting the lions.

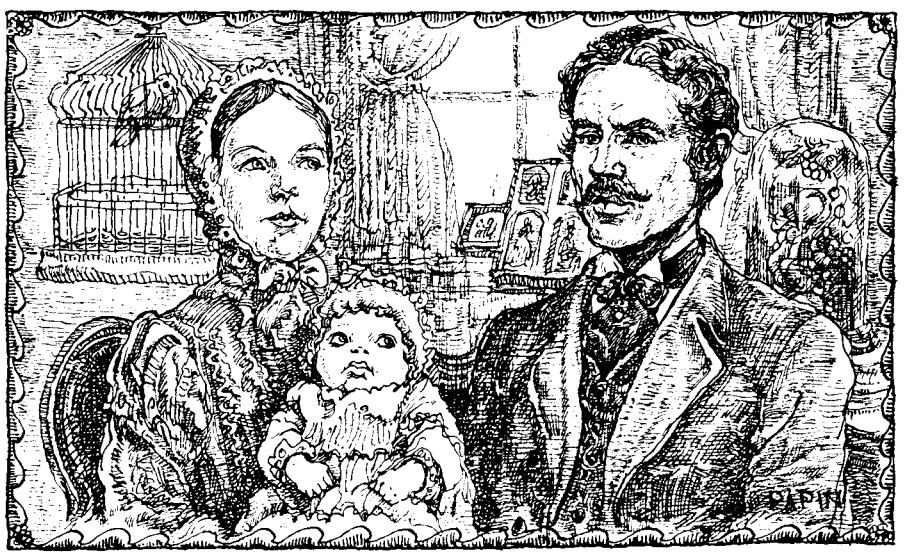
Miss Compton-Burnett was born in 1892, in London. She took a degree in classics from the Royal Holloway College, and in 1911 published *Dolores*, a novel which she has since dismissed from the canon of her uninterruptedly pessimistic stories of the inward blackness of the soul. For fourteen years after *Dolores* she wrote nothing. Then she published *Pastors and Masters* in 1925; Arnold Bennett immediately saw the immense originality of it, and critics ever since have admired the perfect structures of her novels.

W. H. Auden once remarked that her prose has the beauty of a hand grenade, implying in his image the Sophoclean jolt of her plots as well as the fierce economy with which she constructs her novels. They are all short, all compact, all magnificent. There are seventeen of them, if my count is correct. They are all alike in the sense that Shakespeare's sonnets are all alike. Never has an artist kept such a uniformity of tone and style. For forty years Miss Compton-Burnett issued with mathematical regularity the starkest novels in English, or perhaps in any, literature.

She invariably wrote about families who live in English country houses, and so spare is her use of description that only the appearance of forks places the time of her novels beyond the sixteenth century, and an occasional horse and carriage, before the twentieth. Her characters speak the English of Victorians, viciously precise and rarely untinged by insult. With naked frankness they lie to each other; their great strength is enlisted to hide their weakness; lucidly and without remorse they murder, steal, deceive and betray. Brother marries sister; children murder their fathers; a mother kills her daughter-in-law. "I believe it would go ill with many of us if we were faced by a strong temptation," she said in an interview, "and I suspect that with some of us it does go ill." All lives are marred by the very awareness which gives rise to our consciousness of good and evil in the first place; the more rigorously inspected a life is, the more secretly work the processes of hypocrisy which must hide the ineradicable stain of original sin from which no man is free. Like Henry James, whose later manner may have suggested the subtlety of her novels, Miss Compton-Burnett chose to study sensibilities which have had every advantage of religion and education, which enjoy every superiority of civilization and breeding, and which commit the darkest of sins. It is as if her pessimism elected to demonstrate depravity in humanity which had the fairest chance of rising above man's fallen nature.

Critics and moralists have been shocked by Miss Compton-Burnett's apparent perception that people are the better for having sinned and got away with impunity; certainly her sinners do not suffer, and their moral short cuts give them victories over people more moral than they. And their sins are always found out, a moment which has a purifying effect on sinner and wronged alike. If Sophocles had written novels, these are the novels Sophocles would have written.

IT IS DIFFICULT to place Dame Ivy's novels in any order of better and best; their excellence is as uniform as their settings. *Bullivant and the Lambs* would seem to be closest to the traditional



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English novel, giving us an opportunity for seeing her radical difference. Henry Green has learned much from this tense and deep study of masters and servants; its unrelieved bleakness might have been achieved by Wilkie Collins, but not its rigorous moral scrutiny; Henry James could have achieved a similar obliqueness of vision, but would have flinched from the Sophoclean pitilessness of its catastrophes.

In *More Women than Men* we have practically every subject of what is thought to be the daring new permissiveness of fiction; never has sin appeared uglier or sillier. It was Dame Ivy's genius to demonstrate the awful and utterly empty nothingness of the self looking exclusively to the self and its hollow gratification. If she had punished her sinners, as Dickens did, she would thereby have relinquished the vision of the ubiquity and usefulness of evil that sustains the self-justification and—here is the horror—the ultimate happiness of her sinners. It is here that our moral scrutiny has to focus as sharply as Dame Ivy's on the subtlest temptation of them all, the jealousy of the righteous. Sin demoralizes not so much by its comeliness as by its power to make righteousness seem futile and disadvantaged. None of her characters ever quite sees that he ought not to have misbehaved.

IT IS WRONG, however, to talk of Miss Compton-Burnett as primarily a moralist. The triumph of her novels is in her art, which seems to be derived from a wholly original understanding of Greek tragedy, together with a radical redesigning of the English novel. In the conversations of a single family, usually at meals or around the library fireplace, she found all that she needed to delineate the full range of human suffering. She may have missed the Greek gods, and may have replaced them with the postman. The solicitor's letter is her herald from off-stage, and the destiny of inheritances, of invested money or mortgaged land is her equivalent of wars and sieges and the capricious hand of the gods in the affairs of men. The leisure of the landed gentry is her status of royalty, and the unobstructed chance for moral grandeur, which her characters demolish with selfishness. Miss Compton-Burnett's charming indifference to the twentieth century was simply her perception that man's essential depravity is not modified by time or place.

Dame Ivy did not figure in any of the public gestures of literature in our time; as her art takes its place in historical perspective as the one true and uncontestable development of the traditional English novel in this century—such a perception is highly plausible and perhaps inevitable — she will scarcely seem to have belonged to our time at all. Her greatness transcends historical accident and belongs, like that of Tolstoy, Cervantes and her Athenian masters of the fifth century B.C., to the world. There is nothing perishable in her art, nothing that time can touch, though time must be the agent whereby her novels can eventually show their true eminence. □

No Exit from Vietnam
By Sir Robert Thompson
McKay, $4.50

VIETNAM: THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER JR.

Insurgency and counterinsurgency warfare have been the dominant mode of post-World War II military conflict. Communist revolutions in China and Cuba are perhaps the most successful insurgency campaigns, while the British counterinsurgency effort during the Malayan emergency is perhaps the largest and most conspicuously successful effort of its kind. Despite the importance of insurgency and counterinsurgency warfare to the power and influence of the United States, however, the subject has had remarkably little impact on the structure and tactics of our conventional military forces. While a serious American effort has been made, especially since 1961, to acquire a counterinsurgency capability (e.g. the expansion of the Army's Special Forces and similar, though smaller, efforts by the other services), the major organizational emphasis remains on large-scale European-type conventional engagements. It is hardly surprising then that the bulk of the literature in the field is not written by professional military officers, but rather by non-military professionals with little or no high level regular military experience.

Sir Robert Thompson is perhaps the most successful practitioner of counter-insurgency warfare, having been the principal architect of the British victory over the Communist insurgents in Malaya in the 1950s. Thompson later was an adviser to the United States Government in the early stages of the Vietnam war, but, because of the manner in which the United States war effort was organized, little of his advice was heeded. The source of the bitter harvest the United States has reaped in lives, treasure and internal cohesion from the Vietnam war is the subject of this devastating critique, perhaps the most useful of its genre to emerge to date.

AT THE ROOT of the failure of United States efforts in Vietnam to achieve a politically meaningful victory is the failure to comprehend the totality of revolutionary warfare. The United States tended to measure success by body count; the Communists measured victory by their ability to impose unacceptable political and economic costs on the United States and the South Vietnamese at an indefinitely acceptable level to themselves. United States war aims were utopian and nonoperational in the context of the Vietnam war (i.e., "deterring aggression," providing the South Vietnamese with a "free choice," and "containing China"). Communist objectives were traditional and operational—to unify both Vietnams under the Communist banner, and to inflict a humiliating defeat upon the United States as a component of the world revolutionary process.

The failure to formulate appropriate objectives has led to a conspicuous failure of American military forces to develop a *war-winning* strategy. The strategy which has guided the courageous but unsuccessful United States efforts in Vietnam since 1965 when the commitment to Vietnam became massive and irrevocable, has been one of attrition. The use of the most modern military hardware against a relatively primitive enemy force, it was believed, would exact such a heavy toll from the insurgents that they would be compelled to seek a negotiated settlement. Thompson characterizes the failure of this American strategy in two ways:

> First, the military strategy of attrition and bombing because it took the direct line of greatest expectation and toughest resistance for which the Vietcong and North Vietnamese were fully pre-

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pared, failed to destroy or even defeat, the main force units or to reduce infiltration. In fact, by the end of the period, both the strength and the infiltration had increased. The organization and structure of the enemy within South Vietnam was never threatened. Secondly, the military strategy, because it was not related to a winning aim was largely irrelevant to the political results. . . . It was therefore, a no win strategy.

To say that the existing United States strategy has failed to win was not to say that no limited war strategy could be successful. In Korea, for example, General MacArthur despaired of devising a winning strategy against the Chinese invasion *within the political constraints* imposed by the Truman Administration. MacArthur's replacement, General Ridgway, was able to devise such a strategy which destroyed the effectiveness of the Chinese Communist forces within a short time after he assumed command, in spite of the constraints imposed. Similarly in Vietnam, Thompson emphasizes, a winning strategy is possible within the existing constraints, when the counterinsurgency effort is based on the lessons learned from earlier Communist insurgencies utilizing police operations with strong local roots, with only a secondary emphasis on regular military engagement. The President does indeed have an alternative to massive escalation or a sellout (either camouflaged or stark).

THOMPSON IS at his best in placing the current Vietnam situation in a larger perspective. There is, he declares, no alternative to winning the war, for the consequences of a defeat would have domestic and international repercussions far beyond the costs incurred in devising and executing a winning politico-military strategy in South Vietnam. A defeat in Vietnam, whether by a unilateral withdrawal, or camouflaged in the form of a "negotiated settlement" which permits a Communist regime to rule in Saigon, would expose every American defense commitment to doubt and, moreover, would cause a drastic international political realignment away from the United States, first in Southeast Asia, but inevitably spreading to other areas of the world as time passes, in favor of the side which "looks like a winner"—the Communists.

Perhaps the most ominous warning to the United States relates to the domestic dangers of a sellout. After more than four years of closely observed warfare at a cost of tens of thousands of American lives and billions of dollars, too many Americans (not to mention foreigners) would see through a camouflaged sellout, and the recriminations which would inevitably follow such a defeat are unlikely to be limited to a clique of retired military officers. The recriminations would almost certainly force a domestic political realignment perhaps as early as the 1972 Presidential elections, and the corresponding American loss of confidence and internal cohesion would be far more damaging than the results of the dissent we have witnessed during the past few years. □

The Strawberry Statement
By James Simon Kunen
Random House, $4.95

CHARM AND CONFUSION

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

The Strawberry Statement is a nice radical book by a nice Jewish boy from Columbia, which, although it says only all the usual things about all the usual military-industrial complexes, is a surprise. The book is, unhesitatingly, a triumph. The writing is more than good; it's likely you will, by page eighty, love James Simon Kunen.

Kunen isn't much when it comes to thinking. He defends the radicals' takeover at Columbia and then whines about *police* "lawlessness." And again, while he insists that our society is inherently brutal and fascistic, he permits himself to sound hurt and angry at that society's toleration of "police brutality." He is ignorant of the Western political tradition—so much so that he risks becoming a bore. If you like a law you obey it; if you don't, well . . . The cops are all pigs, conservative students are all jocks, the streets belong to the people, and on and on. Historical perspective is nonexistent, and, as the ceaseless demands for instant justice indicate, there is nowhere an inkling that the author understands how painfully the institutional progress of mankind has been arrived at and with what difficulty order and freedom are achieved in the body politic.

So Kunen is a boob, at least politically. But the ideological freight is transcended somewhere early in the book; tragically for the New Left, Kunen is the kind of person whose prose makes much more apparent his talent

as a writer than his acuity as an advocate. There is, for instance, a passage about the Vietcong that is virtually stingless and will leave you smiling, even if you think (as I do) that cockroaches and the Vietcong have something in common. Or again, Kunen transforms a baseball game into a peace demonstration. The prose is sparkling, the insights pleasant, the tocsin sounds only faintly, very, very faintly.

And there is the sense of humor. In one section on the Ad Hoc Faculty Sandwich Decision (having to do with whether or not radicals in occupied buildings should be allowed food), Kunen's description of the confusions of faculty liberals is riotous; as are his swipes at Grayson Kirk ("On his desk was an American Airlines jigsaw puzzle that had, apparently, been much played with"), and his description of his own attempts to force a cigarette butt through a screen, while being carted off to jail, just so he could "litter from a police bus."

Kunen has written a book about himself, about his girl friend Laura, about his parents, his hair, his Red Sox, his disappointment with America, his inferiority complex (because he is white—dig?) and some of his more important personal discoveries (he is quite taken with the fact that *water puts out fire* and hopes we are all properly grateful). This is not to say the author can't be oppressive. He is, for example, hung

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up on the idea that Johnson was a murderer and—a much greater sin—he refers to Walt Disney as an "old fascist," which is pretty heavy weather. But such moments are not many; the book is curiously dispassionate.

Kunen, it seems, is too sensitive to the comic-tragic side of life to be a bore, and, despite his vision of a new age, he cannot overlook human beings and their private dramas. He has done in his book what no serious revolutionary can ever permit himself to do; he has made individuals important, even in the face of the revolutionary struggle. After all, you can't usher in the new order unless you're willing, ho ho ho, to break a few eggs. *The Strawberry Statement* is an artistic achievement and, thereby, is itself an argument against the Revolution.

Then, too, Kunen in more ways than might at first be expected is a typical college student with a typical college student's dilemma. He came to the university bright-eyed and idealistic, expecting to find there the intellectual credentials of his civilization and his culture and, instead of receiving encouragement and insight into questions that were both serious and anxious, he received the pats on the head and the patronizing smiles of the relativists and skeptics who dominate the American academy and spend their intellectual lives disdaining the verities.

One incident, in particular, is worth noting in this regard. At one point in the book, Orest Ranum, French historian and ritualistic liberal, comes through the window of Whitehall, academic robes billowing, and announces to the radicals who have seized the building that they must cease and desist, not—the gods forbid it—because they are making a mockery of rational discourse, respect for the law, or other people's rights, but because they are going to precipitate, in the professor's words, a "right-wing reaction." They laughed at him. It was Ranum, incidentally, who later had ten years of research burned by the yahoos.

The point to be made here is not just that liberalism is impotent or bankrupt but that Kunen and others like him indicate clearly that they are aware of those inadequacies and are not happy about them. America, it is clear, particularly young America, needs an orthodoxy. Conservatives may take note. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ SURPRISE: Bernadette Devlin has written a book, which Knopf is rushing into print before she becomes un-chic. It's called *The Price of My Soul* ($4.95). . . . Another quickie is *The Coming War between Russia and China* by Harrison Salisbury (Norton, January, $4.95). . . . With unwonted swiftness, Eugene McCarthy has written about his campaign, in *The Year of the People* (Doubleday, $6.95). . . . *In Russia* is words by Arthur Miller, photographs by Mrs. Miller (Viking, November, $12.95). . . . *Last Things* is the eleventh and final novel of C. P. Snow's "Strangers and Brothers" sequence, cross his heart (Scribner, April). . . . Picasso's *Recent Drawings 1966-68* has 405 (Abrams, $25).

■ FICTION: *The Critic* by Wilfrid Sheed (*Office Politics*) is about a film-and-theater reviewer and the New York lit-set (Farrar, May). . . . Robert Coover (*Origin of the Brunists*; *The Universal Baseball Association*) has *Pricksongs and Descants*, a collection of short works *à la* Cervantes (Dutton, $4.95). . . . *The French Lieutenant's Woman* by John Fowles (*The Magus*; *The Collector*) is a romance set in Victorian England (Little, November, $7.95).

Mary Renault does the youth and early manhood of Alexander the Great in *Fire from Heaven* (Pantheon, November, $6.95). . . . *I Sing the Body Electric* is Ray Bradbury's new collection of short stories (Knopf, $6.95). . . . P. G. Wodehouse's umpty-umpteenth tale is *No Nudes is Good Nudes* (Simon & Schuster, spring).

■ NOSTALGIA: *Give Me Liberty* is an anthology of stories, articles, cartoons, ads and covers from the magazine of the same name (World, November, $9.95 to Christmas, $12.50 after); another such spans all two hundred years of the late *Saturday Evening Post* (Simon & Schuster, $10). . . . *America Was Beautiful* is engravings from an earlier book, *Picturesque America*, edited in 1872 by William Cullen Bryant (Barre, $12.50). . . . Everything knowable about Benny Goodman is to be found in *BG on the Record*, a compendium of discographies, chronologies, indices and cross-indices, available from Arlington House by itself ($10) or packaged with a two-record album, "Benny Goodman Collector's Gems 1929-1945" ($20 the package).

The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko
By Zhores A. Medvedev; translated by I. Michael Lerner
Columbia, $10

LYSENKO AND HIS ANIMAL FARM

THOMAS H. JUKES

Merrily play on, accordion,
With my girl friend let me sing
Of the eternal glory of Academician Lysenko.

He walks the Michurin path
With firm tread;
He protects us from being duped by Mendelist-Morganists
Russian Popular Song, 1950.

Scientists, like journalists, are apt to evaluate a system of government in terms of the treatment received by their profession. We have never forgotten the guillotining of Lavoisier, and the statement "*La révolution n'a pas besoin des chimistes.*" Under Lysenkoism, the treatment of scientists was no less barbarous, but the reasoning was more devious. It was not a lack of need for biology that was invoked; it was the concept that Stalin and Khrushchev were scientists who could cast out bourgeois theories of genetics by getting rid of dissidents.

The term "Lysenkoism" refers to the domination of biology in the Soviet Union by Trofim D. Lysenko and his followers, starting in the 1930s. The stranglehold of Lysenkoism in Russia has been loosened, but not removed. A. I. Oparin, a Lysenkoist, is now editor-in-chief of *Doklady*, the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, and many Lysenko appointees hold key scientific posts in the Soviet Union.

LYSENKO came into prominence in 1935 by introducing "vernalization," a process of soaking the seeds of winter wheat and other crops, which allegedly improved yields. The procedure wasted labor and was ineffective. However, it was endorsed by Stalin as an aspect of the class struggle, and Lysenko was on his way. Lysenko's quackery was challenged by the eminent geneticist, N. I. Vavilov, a man of great eloquence, erudition and courage. The struggle of

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Vavilov for scientific truth ended in 1940; he was brazenly abducted from a botanical field trip by the secret police, and sentenced to death, following a ten-minute Vishinsky-type purge trial by a kangaroo court, in 1941. Vavilov's execution was postponed, apparently due to the pleading of one of his former mentors who had taught science to Beria's wife, and Vavilov was placed in a windowless underground death cell. He died in jail, of the results of malnutrition and privation, in 1942, shortly after being elected *in absentia* to foreign membership in the Royal Society of London.

AN OFFSHOOT of Lysenkoism was the suppression of medical genetics. This was alleged to be a form of racism and fascism, so that 25 successive classes were "graduated from medical school without the slightest notion of the laws of heredity." Following World War II, Lysenko reached new heights of power. At the August 1948 meeting of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences (CAAAS), he denounced his opponents and ended his speech with the statement: "Comrades . . . the Central Committee of the Party has examined my report and approved it." The results of the meeting are described as follows by Medvedev:

> Immediately after the session, hundreds of scientists, the best and most qualified representatives of Soviet biology, were either dismissed or demoted on the basis of fabricated, slanderous, and perverted accusations of idealism, reactionary views, Morganism, Weismannism, complicity with imperialism and the bourgeoisie, Mendelism, anti-Michurinism, groveling before the West, sabotage, metaphysics, mechanism, racism, cosmopolitanism, formalism, unproductiveness, anti-Marxism, anti-Darwinism, alienation from practice. . . .

A prominent "cytologist" of this era was O. B. Lepeshinskaya, who was supported by Lysenko and Oparin. She laid claim to feats such as interconversion of plant and animal cells, and the production of spontaneous generation of microorganisms in hay extract. This nonsense was made official doctrine by government decree. The reason for her success was recounted by her as follows:

> I lifted the receiver and heard such a familiar, such a dear voice, that of Josef Vissarionovich. . . . Encouraging me with friendly paternal words, Stalin gave me advice. And in his wise counsel there was such crystal clarity, such power of scientific prevision, that my heart stood still with pride.

Chapter Eight deals with the practical applications of Lysenko's pseudo-biology to Soviet agriculture. Any evaluation of the results was often blocked by accusations that unfavorable reports were due to sabotage. Most of the techniques, such as vernalization, died a natural death due to their expense and worthlessness. Among the obvious absurdities were the use of airplanes for spraying phosphate fertilizer; the summer planting of potatoes and the denial that potatoes could have a virus disease; the attempt to grow wheat in Siberia on unplowed land; and the summer planting of sugar beets (which died, of course) on dry land in Central Asia. Another weird procedure was "cluster planting" of trees, based on Lysenko's belief that if thirty tree seedlings were planted in a group, 29 would voluntarily sacrifice themselves for the sake of the strongest one. "Cluster planting" was used in reforestation programs, resulting in the loss of about a billion rubles.

YET IT WAS not Lysenko's charlatanism that led to his downfall. His demotion was caused by a political shift resulting from the dismissal of Khrushchev. Furthermore, the exposure of the dark years of Soviet biology has cost the courageous Medvedev his job.

In the final chapter, "How Did It Happen?," Medvedev asks how fakery could take over a major branch of science so that "harmful and absurd recommendations could be adopted into the national economy." He says that "under a free exchange of opinion, Lysenkoism could not have lasted one or two years, and his recommendations would not have been mandatory." He points out that success of such a doctrine "is an external symptom of some deep-seated sickness of a society" and that the doctrine can reach a monopolistic position "only in state systems that are extremist in nature, as a particular manifestation of many other deviations from the reasonable norms of organized human society."

Excellent. But does Medvedev follow up his logical conclusion by pointing out that his description of a social sickness fits Communism? No. He blames the sickness on the "personality cult" of Stalin and Khrushchev; and he contrasts this with the statement that Marx, Engels and Lenin were "above all, great thinkers and scientists . . . the scientific method of Marx, Engels and Lenin was the method . . . of analysis of facts and arriving at truth." Unfortunately, Medvedev reminds us that Engels, in his *Dialectics of Nature*, once called Newton "nothing less than an 'inductive ass.'" Medvedev cannot bring himself to recommend that the Lysenko gang be stripped of their awards, such as Hero of Socialist Labor and the Order of Lenin, because "these are lifetime privileges, and they cannot be revoked without making such high titles and awards appear worthless." Perhaps the absence of revocation makes them appear even more worthless.

Medvedev's bravery and love for science enable him to demolish Lysenkoism, but he cannot go all the way, because he has not participated in the pursuit of science in an environment where Lenin is not enshrined. □

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THEATER

THE SELF-INDULGENT AVANT GARDE

CATHARINE HUGHES

"We don't consider art exists," was the way one leader in the experimental theater put it to me recently. Resisting the temptation to observe that his productions at the very least confirmed his theories, I resorted instead to Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, where I found a surprisingly good indication why.

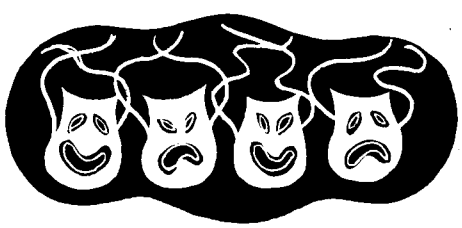
"Art," according to Webster's, is "the conscious use of skill, taste and creative imagination in the production of aesthetic objects." Clearly, an archaic concept when you are talking about an influential segment of today's New Theater. While I was at my dictionary browsing, I decided to look up "self-indulgence," where I found "indulgence of one's own appetites, desires or whims," which brought to mind several productions which seem symptomatic of the ways in which that theater, or part of it, appears bent on becoming its own worst enemy.

On an evening earlier this year I made my way to the second floor of the LaMama Experimental Theater Club, where I joined a number of others lined up awaiting entry to *A Mask for Actors & Audience in the Passion & Birth of Dr. John Faust According to the Spirit of Our Times*, a "confrontation" with Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, presented by the Firehouse Theater of Minneapolis. Periodically, someone was admitted into the darkened, incense-laden theater, then guided with appropriate ceremony to one of a series of wooden platforms. Passed from actor to actor and deposited on the third of one section's three levels, I started to settle down, only to discover an actor placing his hands on my hair, then running them over my face, and another inquiring whether I wanted to "see Faust" or "be Faust." Since we were still in total darkness, seeing *something* seemed rather a good idea.

In *Towards a Poor Theater*, the influential Polish director Jerry Grotowski observes: "I have . . . been tempted to make use of archaic situations sanctified by tradition, situations (within the realms of religion and tradition) which are taboo. I felt a need to confront myself with these values . . . confront them with my own experience which is itself determined by the collective experience of our time."

For Grotowski this meant transposing the setting of Wyspianski's drama *Akropolis*, his "cemetery of the tribes," from the Cracow cathedral in which statues and figures in the tapestries act out scenes from the Old Testament and from antiquity, to Auschwitz, a setting that is quite literally a cemetery, one in which it is possible to pose one of the paramount questions of our time: "What happens to human nature when it faces total violence?" In *Faustus*, "The saint is not able to accept as his model this God who ambushes man." At the end, "The saint against God has attained his 'summit,' he has lived God's cruelty. He is the victor—morally. But he has paid the price of that victory: eternal martyrdom in hell where all is taken from him, even his dignity."

Certain differences between the Grotowski and Firehouse approaches to *Faustus* were immediately apparent. Where he did not so much change the original text, as rearrange it into a "montage" in which the sequence of scenes was altered, some added and others omitted, the Firehouse production relied much more on doing its own



thing, this not necessarily a negative factor, had the substitute been a trifle more inspired. Instead, the Firehouse treatment fell victim to what have become more or less the hallmarks of a certain segment of the theatrical avant garde: an assumption that its private hang-ups are necessarily interesting hang-ups, an excruciating banality and immaturity in its efforts to involve the audience, an approach which seems to regard the employment of various Grotowski-influenced psycho-physical exercises (intended, when legitimately employed, as *training* to prepare the actor's body, voice and spirit) as a somehow fascinating end in themselves, a seeming disregard for questions of degree and excess, use and abuse.

A Mask for Actors utilized most of the by-now standard experimental stage movement, simulated ritual effects, chanting, improvisation, an occasional song and the obligatory nude scene. To fill out the gutted text (and, one assumes, to fill out the evening), it tossed in a studied attempt at contemporaneity in which spotlighted actors cited various embryonic and evolving domestic and world crises, reminding the audience that "the world is falling apart." Meanwhile, Faust, agonizing over his own existence and the world he sees about him, announces his desire to be born again. It is, of course, necessary that he first forfeit his soul and die.

As the evening wore on, there was an increasing effort to involve the audience. The question recurred: If the theater is to employ audience participation in any meaningful way, must it not rethink the *why* of that participation; must it not attempt it in areas where there is a genuine community of values and emotions, a genuine freedom to respond (or not respond) to a cast's importunings? In describing some of his early productions, Grotowski acknowledged: "We did a lot of . . . plays where the actors encircled the spectators, where they asked the spectators questions, where they touched the spectators. But we saw that there was always cheating and trickery on our side. On the one hand, we were looking for a kind of spontaneity from the audience that is impossible in our society. We looked for common reactions which are possible only if people have the same faith, if they know the liturgy well."

Somehow, the concluding sections of *A Mask for Actors* almost inevitably brought to mind that an actress had asked earlier, "You were here all the time, weren't you?" It was rhetorical, of course, but it does seem one of the questions the New Theater should ask *itself* somewhat more frequently if it is not to wind up playing exclusively to and for itself and its initiates.

About a month later, I attended *The Shadow Ripens*, an "improvisational play" conceived and directed by Murray Mednick, in collaboration with the Theater Five Company of San Diego, which had as its frame a visitation by a metaphorical plague, which is carried round the world by "The Carrier." A series of deaths, more or less ritualized, occur, interspersed with disquisitions by a character perched atop a platform and labeled "The Visionary," and semi-improvised monologues by members of the cast, all presumably intended to ex-

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pose the hypocrisy, banality and ultimate death of a society so geared to consumption on every level that ultimately it consumes itself. In time, the cast moved out into the now totally darkened theater, asking perfunctory questions and chanting disconnected phrases. Why? Well, perhaps "The Visionary" was serious when he suggested to the audience, "You're a bunch of idiots." Whatever the case, it was surely the level at which that audience was being treated at that particular moment.

This disdain for the audience and its intelligence—without any countervailing intelligence on the producer's own part—culminated in a scene entitled "Power to the People." All the stops were pulled—rhythmic beating on drums and tambourines, chants of "Power!," hand-clapping, foot-stamping, arm-waving and attempted cheerleading by plants in the audience, simulated frenzy and general din. It was an almost archetypal example of audience manipulation, a contradiction of everything that legitimate audience participation should be. Artificial, imposed, divorced from what the audience's spontaneous response would be, it provided yet another reminder that even in a theater that nominally aspires to be a "liberating" force, there are times when the only free act is *not* to participate, to be willing to be considered uptight.

DESPITE its many important innovations, there does seem a regrettable tendency among many elements of the New Theater—and the above are only examples—to regard the freedom to do more or less as it pleases, whether in terms of sex, nudity, disregard for the text or otherwise, as little more than the excuse for generally mindless self-indulgence, a tendency to forget that it is not so much whether you use a freedom or a discovery that is ultimately important, but how. The genuine creative innovators exercise a self-discipline, possess a sense of order and a sense of direction simply not present in the work of their imitators, who on occasion seem rather like kids in an old-fashioned candy store. Taking one of this and one of that—a little from Artaud and a little from Grotowski, this from Peter Brook and that from the Living Theater—they come up with a very mixed bag indeed. In adhering to Artaud's cry, "No more masterpieces!," they seem to ensure that they, at least, will not provide them. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SOVIET SEA POWER (*The Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University, $2.95*). For many years now blue water has been American or British; the serious, strategic entry of the Soviet Union into all the oceans of the world must come as a bit of a jolt. Red submarines in Havana, spy ships off Block Island, oceanographic laboratories near La Jolla, merchant ships in Panama, naval fleets in the Strait of Malacca, and other evidences of the Soviet drive to challenge Western domination of the seas have prompted Robert Kilmarx to assemble an impressive group of experts for a discussion of this phenomenon. These experts make the point that the USSR is steaming at flank speed to neutralize or to destroy all American advantages in sea power, whatever they may be. This sea power drive is coordinated with the Soviet attempt to neutralize or destroy America's nuclear superiority. Kilmarx' experts disagree on some points of interpretation; they agree that the Soviet sea power challenge has the most critical implications for the United States. W. D. JACOBS

WEST POINT, *by Thomas J. Fleming (William Morrow, $8.50)*. In a nation where the military have generally been suspect until needed, and where citizen-soldiers always outnumber professionals in major wars, West Point, as the nation's first military academy, has had a predictably shaky history. Efforts to close down, or drastically alter, West Point, have several times been put off only by the approach of war and the subsequent conspicuously vital role played by its graduates. Mr. Fleming, while obviously sympathetic to West Point, is unable to pinpoint the exact qualities which have enabled the Academy to list among its graduates some of this country's most successful leaders. Perhaps because he himself is not a "member of the club," Mr. Fleming does not satisfactorily reconcile the Point's record of past maladministration and scandals, of continuing attempts at reform and innovation, with the undeniable fact of its over-all success in its mission. By an almost anecdotal approach to the history of famous West Pointers, he leaves the reader wondering if the Academy graduated great men, or great men happened to graduate from the Academy. H. H. HILL

COMMAND, AND I WILL OBEY YOU, *by Alberto Moravia; translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Farrar, $5.50)*. Taken on his own terms, Moravia is a subtle technician who by listlessly dissecting the fragile human mind contributes to our tiny store of knowledge about ailing man and his predicament. But to accept Moravia's terms is to deny to man all nobility of purpose, all mastery of thought, all appreciation of beauty and is to descend into Moravia's own special world bereft of faith, will, spirit, or hope. In rejecting his terms, however, we should take care not to reject Moravia's art, for once we have discovered his view of life to be his own special, limited vision of reality, we find that he describes it masterfully. There is much that is drab, pointless, repetitive, and confusing in all our lives, and Moravia can depict whatever is unimportant in life with unerring skill. The stories contained in *Command, and I Will Obey You* are as good as any he has written, and the translation is better than most he has received. As analyses of humor always seem to be dry and humorless, Moravia's chronicles of boredom are never dull somehow; reading about someone else's boredom is more entertaining than concentration on one's own. T. K. MEIER

HERBERG

(cont. from p. 1008)

homosexuality is pathological, deviant, a perversion and a vice, it does not in the least follow that it must therefore be made punishable by law. That depends on circumstantial factors, as the Greeks well understood. For a vice to be branded a crime under legal sanctions, certain conditions are necessary: 1) the crime must refer to an overt act, not to an inner disposition; 2) the crime must be seen as constituting a discernible threat to the public welfare and public order; and 3) the crime must be such that prohibiting it by law, and enforcing the prohibition, will not bring worse evils in its train than the act itself. By these criteria, which are traditional and well-known, homosexual feelings obviously have nothing criminal in them, nor should homosexual practices between consenting adults in private be made a crime. On the other hand, the seduction of minors into homosexuality is emphatically criminal, while public manifestations of homosexuality may properly be prohibited as an offense to public decency. And, I think, it cannot really be doubted that homosexuality does constitute an impediment to certain kinds of employment, as would, obviously, certain abnormalities of a physical kind. The homosexual who recognizes his own abnormality as a sickness, albeit incurable, deserves our sympathy and help. The homosexual who flaunts his perversion, and even makes it into a badge of distinction, deserves that the full weight of social opprobrium, and, where appropriate, legal sanctions, should fall upon him. □

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COYNE

(cont. from p. 1005)

when uttered at night by wild-eyed, wild-haired, leather-jacketed junkie types.)

But this, although well known, was all unofficial, something like occupying a country with troops without ever declaring war. The People's Park, however, was official. The New Leftists and the street people, no longer content with unofficial occupation, decided officially to annex a chunk of university territory, and by so doing to legitimize their culture and make it a recognized force in the community. And it was the legitimacy of its authority, long undermined, which the university decided it must reassert. By so doing, and this is the central point, it finally attempted to check the growth of the alien culture which has put down roots along Telegraph Avenue and on the Berkeley campus. The People's Park episode was the first overt attempt to uproot this culture, to begin to deny it growing space. It has already spread in frightening fashion across the campus, and many Berkeleyites believe that the New Left militants and their allies of the streets, really have at least as much influence on the affairs of the university as do the Regents, the administrators and, *certainly*, the faculty. It is absolutely essential, as the administration apparently finally realizes, that if the University of California and perhaps, eventually, all the universities are to survive, this culture simply must be checked and uprooted. The administrators had been willing to allow the new culture *breathing* space. They drew the line, however, at ceding *living* space.

And so the university administrators, their backs against the final wall, did what they had to do. Their action, inevitably, was ill-timed, the execution execrable and typically blundering. Had they acted steadily and systematically to achieve their ends, the problems would never have arisen.

But finally, they acted. It's hard at this point to gauge the ultimate consequences of the Battle of the People's Park and the skirmishes which will inevitably follow this fall. At best it will set a precedent, and the university, having taken the first step toward reasserting itself, will proceed until the subculture is uprooted and will be forced either to change or to take itself elsewhere. The first effects have been almost universally bad, but it is too late now for easy face-saving alternatives. For this is civil war on the home front of what James Burnham designates the third world war. And we all should know by now that the collapse of the home front makes meaningless the efforts of the troops in the field. The Berkeley radicals understand that this war is a real one: "We recognize that there is a war going on in this country," writes New Leftist Joe Pichirallo in the *Daily Californian*, "and have decided to wage it in Berkeley."

Let there be no doubt about it. There is a war, and the New Leftists at Berkeley, having won the souls of many of their peers, are now attempting to seize territory. It's on the line, and university administrators must realize, as Chancellor Heyns came reluctantly to realize, that what is going on cannot be handled with public relations. The *Ramparts* writers predict that the People's Park uprising will prove "a preview of the riots of the Seventies." If this is not to be true, administrators at those American colleges which stretch across the country like city-states must be willing to uproot the culture which sustains the revolutionaries of the New Left, before it plants its roots as firmly elsewhere as it did at Berkeley. □

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After Chappaquiddick

On The Right

New York, Sept. 28—The affair of Senator Teddy Kennedy appears to be stuck in legal mud. The inquest at Edgartown was called off to protect the Senator's constitutional rights. Such rights as to cross-examine witnesses, that kind of thing.

On first hearing the news, observers wondered just whom the Senator might want to cross-examine. That is to say, all the witnesses were friendly witnesses, consisting for the most part of the ten members of the cookout team. But close students of the affair raised telling points. What, for instance, if an expert appeared to testify that the chances were very good that the girl was alive trapped inside the car, and might well have been rescued if the Senator had instantly called for help? What if the gentleman returning from duty at the Edgartown Yacht Club had testified persuasively that there were three people, not two, in the car he saw going down the road toward the bridge? Such testimony as this, unexamined by the Senator's lawyers, would have thickened the miasma that broods over the Senator and his destiny.

There is the possibility that the judge will change his mind and tell the lawyers that they may ask their questions. And there is another possibility, that the relevant authorities will decide to convert the inquest into a grand jury proceeding. That would have the benefit of protecting the Senator from any disclosures whatsoever. It would have the disadvantage of preventing the public from knowing what the public wants to know.

Look, nobody believes that Senator Kennedy committed a serious crime. The relevance of the judicial process is really, in this situation, an aspect of the public curiosity. Kennedy already pleaded guilty—and received a suspended sentence—of failing to report an accident. There are advantages to being a public figure, as anyone can see who recorded the obsequiousness with which the Senator was treated on that Saturday. But there are disadvantages, as anyone can see who asks himself how much call would there be for an inquest or a grand jury proceeding if it had been other than Senator Kennedy involved. Although a lawyer will object to the uses of judicial machinery for the sake of satisfying the public curiosity, the same lawyer cannot deny that that public curiosity is legitimate, and that the expedient of going to the courts to find a means of satisfying it is the result of the Senator's failure to satisfy it on his own motion.

It would appear, from the law's delays, and the long and complicated silences of the Senator and his associates that, like Hanoi, they are buying time. But I think that Chappaquiddick will not go away. And I venture the following analysis.

WHAT Chappaquiddick did was to shatter the dynastic claims of Edward Kennedy. His pre-eminence as Democratic choice for the Presidency was primarily a biological phenomenon. He would not have been elected to the Senate at the time that he was save that his brother was President of the United States. His name would never have been mentioned for the Presidency, save that his second brother was killed.

At the same time, although he profited from his family name, nevertheless he showed talents. Never mind, as I say, that those talents might have gone undiscovered but for the circumstances. The talents appear to be real. He was accepted into the inner councils of the Senate notwithstanding an adamant reluctance of a body of men to whom the spectacle of his Caesarian entry into the Senate was unappetizing. His move to become the Senate Whip showed an enormous political deftness. As an orator he shows considerable promise. His charm is legendary.

What he now faces is a very long struggle. His assets are his name, his talents and his wealth. His liabilities are Chappaquiddick. He will now have to make it more or less on his own, Chappaquiddick having apparently broken the natural line of succession. If, over the next four or five or ten years, he is able to show by his achievements a sobriety of purpose, a strategic manliness, a sense of destiny and resolution, then he will transcend the affair of July 11. The American people are by and large a forgiving breed. But they are in the mood for expiation. Not a stagy *auto da fe*. Just hard work, perseverance, a decent interlude of anonymity. And, above all, time, which once more we recognize as the great healer. □

MANANA, FRIENDS

New York, Sept. 26—The sudden postponement of the meeting at which Governor Nelson Rockefeller was to divulge his findings on Latin America leaves us in the dark. The reason given by Mr. Rockefeller for that postponement is that the National Security Council desires to study the recommendations in private and forward those along to the President which most commend themselves. The President would then formulate his own proposals, splicing them with the best of Mr. Rockefeller's, and whee! we'll have ourselves a Latin American Policy.

It isn't possible to know exactly what's up, but it is clear that we are once again face to face with the flotsam of liberal dogmatism. Senator Frank Church put it quite plainly in his unexpected speech disavowing the Alliance for Progress program of President Kennedy.

Senator Church will not go along with "the liberal credo," which has been to the effect that United States economic aid to Latin America is the kind of thing that encourages the democratization of Latin America politics. He unfortunately goes from disillusionment with American internationalism into the embraces of internationalized internationalism. He wants the money to go to UN-type organizations to help Latin America.

The politics of Latin America are disconsoling. It may be that there is no longer a true Wilsonian in the house, but we still tend to measure the moral acceptability of a country according as it is democratically governed. When, just ten years ago, Ghana received its independence, American dignitaries, including Richard Nixon, cheered the end of colonialism on the assumption that this meant an increase in personal freedom. The celebration ushered in eight years of Nkrumah. American public opinion, after the deposition of the democratic government of Nigeria, settled down to the notion that it would be a while before the new African states ma-

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tured into democracies, that there was no point in being impatient, that in due course democratic institutions would evolve from the temporary despotism. In fact, Latin America, whose liberation from colonialism took place a century and a quarter before Africa's, has not confirmed this optimism.

It is a cheerless statistic that approximately 85 per cent of South America is at this point governed undemocratically. The percentage in Africa? Almost exactly the same. Since the Alliance for Progress was launched in 1961, a specific purpose of which was to encourage democratic institutions, military juntas have taken over Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Panama, Honduras, El Salvador and the Dominican Republic. Elections were subsequently tolerated only in El Salvador, Ecuador and the Dominican Republic.

We do not know whether Senator Church has anticipated Nelson Rockefeller. The Senator believes that we should immediately suspend all military aid to Latin America, which sounds like one of those commendable proposals until one pauses to wonder: How, except by the force of arms, can decent military regimes (like, for instance, Argentina's) arm themselves against insurrections led by barbaric military regimes (like, for instance, Castro's)? One supposes that Nelson Rockefeller will not make a recommendation quite so naïve.

What will we do to encourage the continuation of American economic investment in Latin America? Is this desirable? Ask the man who owns one. And I do not mean a share of stock in Standard Oil, I mean a job in Latin America financed by U.S. capital: i.e., 20 per cent of the jobs in Latin America.

Should the U.S. Government do nothing at all to help protect American companies from arbitrary handling, and even confiscation? If so, then American companies venturing into Latin America are going to insist on instant and drastic returns on their money, as who would not if one had no confidence in the future? Senator Church seems to be less disturbed with Latin American governments that take over American industrial plants, than he is with American industrial plants that resent being taken over. A pity—that disillusionment with liberalism sometimes sends one off into even higher fancies. Like first marijuana, then heroin.

So we shall have to wait to see what Mr. Rockefeller came up with in return for the humiliations he suffered in Latin America last spring.

Did he have something there which, Nixon having whiffed it, caused him to request Rockefeller's sudden silencing? The curiosity is stimulated. □

PEANUT BUTTER OR DIE?

New York, Sept. 22—I am a witness to a spirited argument of considerable consequence between a young mother of four children (Mrs. Coyne) and a young grandmother (Mrs. Hazelton) who is a famous writer, specializing in the delights of food and drink. Mrs. Coyne submitted an article with the provocative title, "Let Them Eat Squid" (*NR*, Sept. 9).

Mrs. Coyne was provoked by the news stories of the various dignitaries who undertook to express their contempt for the food allowance being given to welfare clients in various parts of the country by submitting to a 66-cent fast. Mrs. Coyne takes the position that 66 cents per day is in fact adequate, and proceeds to show how she, the wife of a young writer and former graduate student, has been getting along on just that for a good many years.

Mrs. Coyne cites the experience of Senator Frank Church whose wife gave him hot dogs to eat on the second day of his fast, in order to stay within the budget. Mrs. Coyne writes: "If Senator Church eats hot dogs two days in a row it is as much due to Mrs. Church's lack of imagination as to her lack of grocery money. On the second day, for instance, she could have bought hamburger—30 cents for half a pound if she shopped around. Into this she could have a) crushed a bouillion cube to make it taste like ground chuck, b) mixed it with bread crumbs, an egg, a bit of ketchup, freshly chopped parsley and garlic, and seasoning, c) rolled it all into balls and browned, then simmered them in a sauce flavored with half a can of mushroom soup and a dollop of sour cream. And if, on the side, she had served freshly baked biscuits, the Senator would have had nothing at all to complain of. The cost would have been just about the same as the cost of his hot dog supper."

Mrs. Hazelton was infuriated, replying that Mrs. Coyne clearly doesn't understand that what she is up to is a form of evasion. Because such ingenuity as she shows is the product of a superior education. Mrs. Hazelton, for instance, weighs in on the business of baking your own bread: people just don't know how to bake their own bread if they live in the ghetto and if their parents and even grandparents lived there. Their problem is a problem of a shiftlessness that makes culinary resourcefulness as inaccessible to them as a Rolls Royce. "She does remind me," Mrs. Hazelton concludes, "of the English intellectuals of my youth who were all terribly poor, but who always had some friends or relations that lent them a bit of Sheraton or some family portraits for their basement flats."

It is an extremely interesting quarrel, as I say, and of major consequence. Who is right? Surely on the matter of learning to bake bread, ghetto residents can learn, if Bushmen can learn. What efforts have been made by welfare workers to instruct the needy in—to take just that example, which is only one of many—how to bake bread? Home-made bread is better and cheaper and more nutritious.

It is a well-known fact that American technology has succeeded in removing practically all of the taste from bread. "When we come up with nuclear energy for peaceful purposes," Murray Kempton quipped a few years ago, "we'll have succeeded in getting *all* the taste out of bread." There are variables, such as the outside temperature, the humidity; but what my own wife calls the "soufflé-factor" is not great: i.e., success is regularly achieved after only a little experience. The trouble appears to lie in the relative ease and attractiveness of pre-packed, TV-dinner type foods which lure the needy into purchases that relieve them of the necessity to exercise that unstimulated ingenuity—and leave them hungry because they do not have the dollars necessary to buy enough packaged foods to suit their needs.

Along comes an interesting proposal, launched in a Washington newspaper by Ruth Logue, an economist, who observes that hunger in America could be eliminated at the incredibly low cost of one billion dollars. Her approach is wonderfully direct. The government would supply food stores free of charge with 1) bulgur wheat, 2) nonfat dry milk, 3) dry beans, and 4) lard. Anyone at all, rich or poor, could take whatever quantity he desires of any of these four commodities, from the shelves of the stores. These foods would supply the vitamins and the energy needed to live.

The challenge would then be plainspoken: the poor would never be able to complain of hunger, merely of monotony. And monotony is relieved by the exercise of the imagination, which would perforce be stimulated under the circumstances. Meanwhile our perspective matures on the nature of the problem that drove Senator Church to eat publicly his hot dogs and peanut butter sandwiches. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Former name of a great metropolis — 24 10 143 73 178 18 1 189 43 62 / 105 16

B. Part of a great metropolis (see WORD A) — 3 139 99 123 115 54 74 163

C. Part of a great metropolis (see WORD A) — 40 20 173 160 141 124 93 100

D. To whom was the lipogram *Gadsby* dedicated? (50,000 words without an e!) — 64 187 161 96 36

E. The part of a measure other than the principally accented one (in music) — 67 7 185 116 147 196 182

F. Place to which you can escape if you've got a nickel — 109 83 169 89 75 37 195 155

G. A Hollywood actor, born 1886 — 119 76 33 136 134 149

H. A passage from the Lower Bay into the Upper Bay, New York harbor — 188 8 170 58 127 101 135

I. More unrefined — 39 145 129 84 41 78 171 9

J. One of New York's counties — 4 15 38 51 45 71 57 68 53 81 / 120

K. A creek that connects the North and Harlem Rivers — 11 31 121 190 201 199 168 22 128 34 / 48 23 6

L. A tunnel that connects two boroughs, New York City — 150 140 5 144 175 183 186 87 60 65 / 192 70 118

M. Place in Kent near which a dark-gray Roman pottery was found — 159 162 25 97 180 153 130 102

N. To mooch better than someone else — 179 151 91 94 61 126

O. A positive photograph made by a collodion process — 191 174 197 156 12 104 92

P. Prohibitory — 194 125 2 200 63 17 28 50 72 181 / 52 55 80

Q. More obstreperous — 27 42 85 79 112 137 148

R. An Italian Latin historian (1483-1552) — 176 131 26 164 152 98

S. Mountain in New Hampshire, almost a mile high — 21 117 193 177 106 165 86 113 29

T. A type of cone — 47 138 69 198 82 154 172 30

U. Anglicized surname, founder of the Congregation of the Oratory — 77 44 166 59

V. These books, plays, or films win prizes — 56 167 146 32 114 46 13 132

W. Term used by typists, workmen, motorists, football fans, dressmakers, etc. — 88 66 110 107 14

X. One of the desires necessary to keep up organic life—it can also kill you — 90 122 158 49 35 133 111 142

Y. A form of greeting which a Yahoo might use — 95 103 108 19 157 184

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1026 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

						1 A	2 P	3 B		4 J	5 L	6 K	7 E	8 H	9 I	10 A		11 K	12 O
13 V	14 W	15 J	16 A		17 P	18 A		19 Y	20 C	21 S	22 K		23 K	24 A		25 M	26 R	27 O	28 P
29 S	30 T	31 K	32 V		33 G	34 K		35 X	36 D	37 F	38 J	39 I		40 C	41 I	42 O		43 A	44 U
45 J	46 V	47 T	48 K	49 X		50 P	51 J		52 P	53 J		54 B	55 P		56 V	57 J	58 H	59 U	60 L
61 N	62 A		63 P	64 D		65 L	66 W	67 E	68 J	69 T		70 L	71 J	72 P.		73 A	74 B	75 F	76 G
77 U	78 I	79 O	80 P	81 J	82 T		83 F	84 I		85 O	86 S		87 L	88 W		89 F	90 X	91 N	92 O
93 C		94 N	95 Y		96 D	97 M	98 R	99 B	100C		101H	102M	103Y		104O	105A	106S		107W
108Y	109F		110W	111X		112O	113S		114V	115B		116E	117S	118L	119G	120J	121K	122X	123B
124C	125P	126N		127H	128K	129I		130M	131R	132V	133X	134G	135H		136G	137O	138T	139B	140L
141C	142X		143A	144L		145I	146V	147E		148O	149G	150L	151N	152R	153M	154T	155F		156O
157Y		158X	159M	160C		161D	162M		163B	164R	165S	166U	167V	168K	169F	170H	171I	172T	173C
174O	175L	176R		177S	178A	179N	180M	181P	182E	183L		184Y	185E		186L	187D	188H	189A	190K
	191O	192L		193S	194P	195F	196E	197O	198T	199K		200P	201K						

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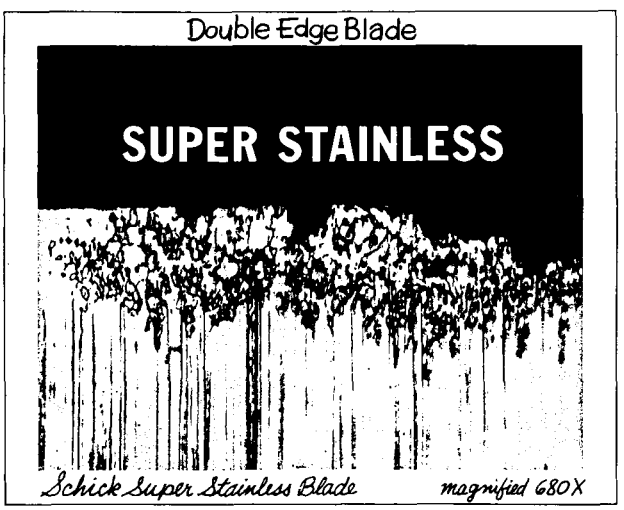

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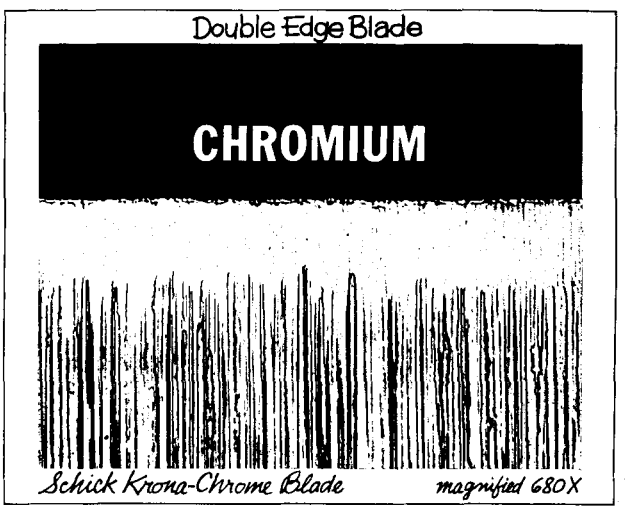

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